CANADA'S HISTORY

FORMERLY THE BEAVE

THE BED-IN

JOHN LENNON GIVES PEACE A CHANCE IN MONTREAL

PRISONER OF PARIS

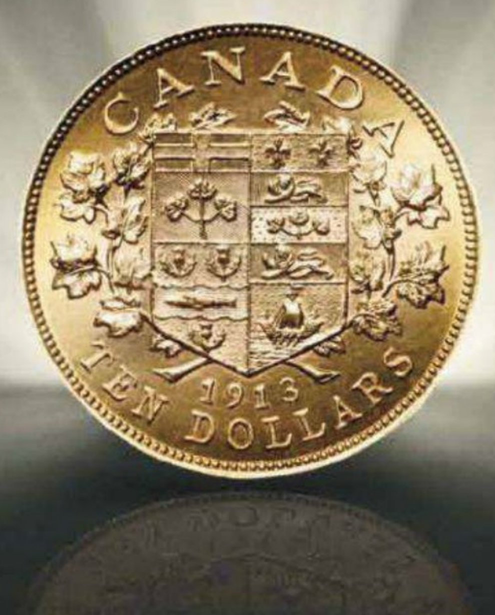
A Canadian artist is trapped by the Nazis

+

HOCKEY'S HIGH ROLLERS

The sharp rise, then fall, of the Montreal Maroons

CANADASHISTORY.CA
PM40063001
Display until May 27
$ 6.95
APRIL-MAY 2013



FIRST CANADIAN GOLD COINS

STAKE YOUR CLAIM BEFORE THEY'RE GONE

Struck from gold mined during the Klondike and Northern Ontario gold rushes, precious few premium and hand-selected gold coins from 1913 and 1914 remain. These coins are now within your reach, but not for long.

Order yours today, before they're gone.

Call 1-800-567-1007 or visit mint.ca/1912gold

ROYAL CANADIAN MINT · MONNAIE ROYALE CANADIENNE ·

© 2013 Royal Canadian Mint - All rights reserved.

Vol 93: 2

PEACE
PEACE
20

Features

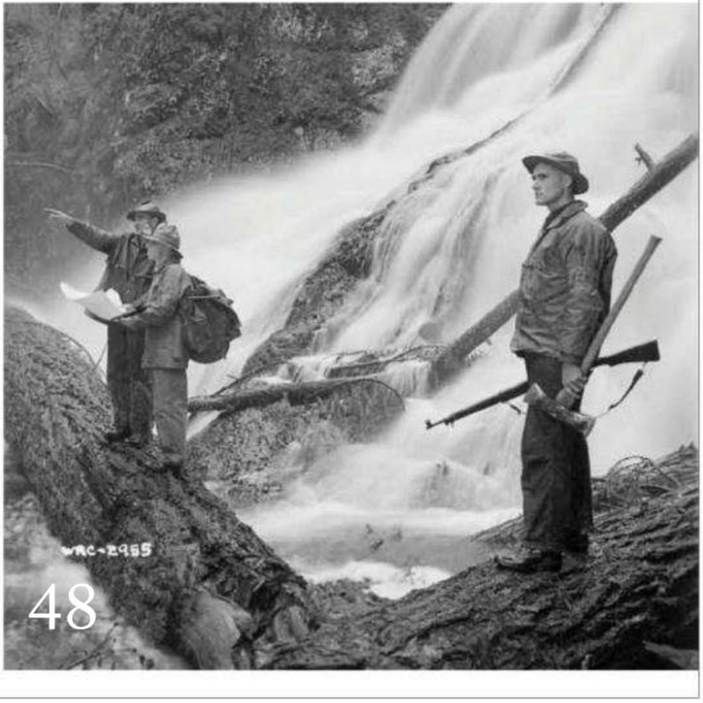
20 **Come Together**
How a Montreal teen bluffed his way into John and Yoko's bed-in for peace. *by Mark Reid.*

28 **Prisoner of Paris**
Claire Fauteux left Canada for France to pursue life as a painter, never thinking she would sketch her most memorable portraits as a prisoner of the Nazis after the fall of Paris. *by Ray Argyle*

34 **Going, Going, Gone**
A city-bred son-in-law reflects on a rural way of life that is rapidly disappearing. *by Matthew Kirby*

42 **Hockey's High Rollers**
Bankrolled by wealthy anglophone stockbrokers, the Montreal Maroons were destined to crash. *by Ryan Kessler*

48 **Sentinels of Sovereignty**
For more than six decades, the Canadian Rangers have served as the shadow army of Canada's North. *by P. Whitney Lackenbauer*



COVER: GETTY IMAGES

CONTENTS

11

14

59

Departments

7 Letters Taking issue with academic “drivel.” Making bomb shelters for peace. Praising the salt of the prairie earth.

8 Trading Post Hand-forged beaver traps pivotal to HBC’s success. Plus, stories from ninety years of *The Beaver* magazine.

14 Ken McGoogan Going the distance to restore the name of one of Canada’s greatest Arctic explorers.

17 Christopher Moore Expect some party-poopers when Canada celebrates its 150th birthday.

51 Reviews Model democrat. Abstract yearnings. Learning under fire. More books.

57 Roots New DNA research suggests we are all part of one big genealogical family.

59 Your Story From sulking teen to appreciative adult: A woman connects with her community’s storied past.

62 Getaway A B.C First Nations cultural centre has it all: fine wine, great art, and stories to tell.

65 History Matters It’s time for all Canadians to have a real conversation about First Nations’ concerns.

66 Album The Queen of the Rideau Canal.

Currents

9 Hidden Heritage Vancouver’s Marine Building.

10 News Drumheller, Alberta, celebrates its history as a centre for coal mining.

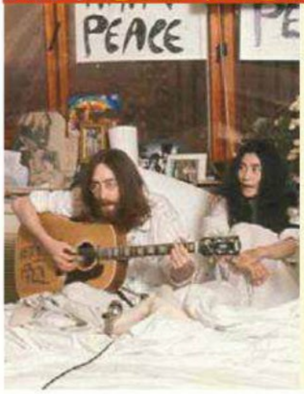
11 Photographic memory Princess Elizabeth travels the Rideau Canal on a royal barge.

11 Laugh lines George-Étienne Cartier brought the West into Confederation.

12 News Nikkei fishermen on the B.C. coast.

12 Our home and native Marquis wheat.

EXCLUSIVELY ONLINE AT: CANADASHISTORY.CA



Changing the world

Tracking John and Yoko’s historic quest for peace with photos, videos, and more.

Also online …

Send us your memories of farm life. Plus, more NHL history and the Canadian Rangers in pictures.

ONLINE
CUSTOMER CARE

Manage your subscription at your own convenience

- Change your address
- Buy or renew your subscription
- Check your account status
- Pay your invoice
- Make a donation
- Sign up for e-newsletters
- Give a gift subscription

Call **1-888-816-0997**
or visit **CanadasHistory.ca**

Make a Difference

A Planned Gift to Canada's History society helps to ensure the future of programs and services offered that directly benefit the next generation of Canadians.

Get more information at CanadasHistory.ca

CANADA'S HISTORY

Get Noticed!

More than 767,000 people read each issue of Canada's History

Contact
Nick R. Cino
647-296-5348
ads@CanadasHistory.ca

CANADA'S HISTORY

BRYCE HALL MAIN FLOOR, 515 PORTAGE AVENUE WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, R3B2E9
TEL.: 1.888.816.0997 • FAX: 204.988.9309 • INFO@CANADASHISTORY.CA

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
DIRECTOR, CONTENT DEVELOPMENT
Mark Reid

SENIOR EDITOR
Nelle Oosterom

ART DIRECTOR
(CANADA'S HISTORY AND CANADASHISTORY.CA)
James Gillespie

NEWS AND REVIEWS EDITOR
Phil Koch

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Beverley Tallon

INTERNS
Mark Schram, Elizabeth Fraser

PUBLISHER, PRESIDENT AND CEO
Deborah Morrison

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
Linda Onofreychuk

DIRECTOR, FINANCE AND ADMINISTRATION
Patricia Gerow

CIRCULATION AND MARKETING MANAGER
Danielle Chartier

CIRCULATION CONSULTANTS
P.J. Brown, Etatech Consulting
Scott Bullock, Circ3 Solutions

DIRECTOR, AUDIENCE DEVELOPMENT AND USER ENGAGEMENT
Joel Ralph

NEW MEDIA EDITOR
Tanja Hütter

GRAPHIC DESIGNER
Andrew Workman

EDUCATION AND OUTREACH COORDINATOR
Jean-Philippe Proulx

COMMUNITY ENGAGEMENT COORDINATOR
Joanna Dawson

CANADA'S HISTORY SOCIETY

Canada's History Society was founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history. The society's work includes: *Canada's History* magazine, *Kayak: Canada's History Magazine for Kids,* CanadasHistory.ca, and the Governor General's History Awards.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Richard W. Pound, Chair
Gordon Barnhart*
John Bennett
Tim Cook*
Alex Graham
Paul Jones*
Jacques Lacoursière*
Stéphane Lévesque
Chris Peirce
Karen Prentice
David Ross

*Publications Committee

ADVISORY COUNCIL

E. James Arnett
Charlie Baillie
Doug Barrington
Elsa Franklin
Charlotte Gray
John Honderich
Don Newman
Peter C. Newman
Thomas H.B. Symons
Jane Urquhart

Publisher Emeritus
Rolph Huband

President Emeritus
Joseph E. Martin

Canada's History magazine was founded by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1920 under the name *The Beaver: A Journal of Progress*. The HBC's commitment to the History Society and its programs continues today through the HBC History Foundation.

Editorial guidelines can be found on our website. We assume no responsibility for unsolicited material.

©2013 Canada's History Society.
All rights reserved. Reproduction without permission of the publisher is strictly forbidden.

ISSN 1920-9894

Member Services
Canada's History
PO Box 118 Station Main
Markham, Ontario, L3P 3J5
Canada
Phone: 1-888-816-0997
Fax: (905) 946-1679
Email: memberservices@canadashistory.ca

Annual Subscription (6 issues)
Canada, $32.95 (GST included).
Please add $10 a year for U.S. orders and $18 a year for foreign orders.
Single copy price: $6.95

GST Registration Number
13868 1408 RT0001

Advertising Representative
Nick R. Cino
Rocket Science Media
Phone: (647) 296-5348
Email: ads@CanadasHistory.ca

Mailing Preference
Occasionally, we may provide our subscriber list to external organizations that may have products or services of interest to our readers. Subscribers have the right to request their names not be used for such third-party purposes. If you do not wish to receive such communications, please contact Member Services.

Canadian Postmaster
Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to:
Canada's History,
PO Box 118 Station Main
Markham, Ontario, L3P 3J5
Canada

Publications Mail Agreement No. 40063001

Postage paid in Winnipeg.

Issued April 2013
Printed in Canada.

MIX
Paper from responsible sources
FSC® C011825

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Canada Periodical Fund (CPF) for our publishing activities.

Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE

You say you want a revolution?

In 1962, the Beatles released their first hit single, "Love Me Do," with the lyrics, "Love, love me do/ You know I love you/ I'll always be true/ So please, love me do."

During their legendary career, John, Paul, George, and Ringo released no less than twenty-three songs with love in the title, covering all aspects of the emotion, from the unrequited ("So How Come No One Loves Me?"), to the forbidden ("You've Got to Hide Your Love Away"), to the difficult ("It's Only Love").

Of all the songs, though, only 1967's "All You Need Is Love" comes close to the powerful simplicity of the message that's found in "Give Peace a Chance," the anti-war anthem written and recorded at the Queen Elizabeth hotel in Montreal in 1969. John Lennon wrote both songs and tried to infuse each with a universally understandable message.

Now, I was born in 1971, three years after "Give Peace a Chance" was released. By then, the Beatles were no more. Clearly, love alone wasn't enough to keep the Fab Four together.

MARIANNE HELM

Over the years, I had come to admire the Beatles, but I certainly wasn't a fan. To me, "Give Peace a Chance" and "All You Need Is Love" were just naive but catchy compositions great for strumming around a campfire.

Then I spoke with Roy Kerwood, the subject of our feature article "Come Together." Roy, now sixty-four, was a fresh-faced teen when he was offered the historic opportunity to photograph John Lennon and Yoko Ono during their Montreal bed-in for peace.

Immersed today in the age of "Gangnam Style" and Ke$ha, I had forgotten that songs like "Give Peace a Chance" weren't written to be ironic. They were to be taken literally. Lennon, like many among the hippie generation, honestly believed peace was achievable, simply through the conscious and collective choice by all of us to make it so.

Such sentiments today often invite ridicule. But I wonder how many Canadians are out there who, like Kerwood, are still profoundly affected by their experience of the sixties? During our interview, Kerwood brimmed with passion for Lennon's message. For him, the bed-in wasn't just a great opportunity to start his photography career. It was a life-altering moment.

"When I wake up in the morning, I do not ask of the world, 'what are you going to give to me today?'" Kerwood told me. "I ask what can I do for the world today. What can I do to make the world a better place for another human being?"

Call me a dreamer, but, as the parent of an eleven-year-old and a six-year-old, I can't help but feel, as time passes, that Lennon was onto something. Maybe, after centuries of history rife with conflict, it is high time for us to give this peace thing a chance. And love seems as good a place to start as any.

Mark Reid

Contributors

Matthew Kirby, the author of "Going, Going, Gone," his story of facing the loss of his in-laws' family farm, grew up in a military family, spending his formative years in Germany, England, and Canada. He holds three degrees — an honours B.A. in history and a B.Ed. from Queen's University, plus a M.Ed. from the University of Victoria. He married Leslie Brehon in 1988. They and their son, William, have lived in Victoria and abroad. Until 2011, the Kirbys returned to the Emerald Farm every summer.

Ray Argyle, author of "Prisoner of Paris," has been a frequent contributor to *Canada's History*. He has worked as a journalist, broadcaster, and media consultant and is the author of several books, the most recent being *Joey Smallwood: Schemer and Dreamer*. His e-book, *Kennedy After Dallas*, speculates on a world in which John F. Kennedy survives after being shot by an assassin in 1963. Based in Kingston, Ontario, Argyle is working on a book about the Battle of France, the liberation of Paris, and Charles de Gaulle's Free French movement.

P. Whitney Lackenbauer, who writes about the Canadian Rangers in "Soldiers of Sovereignty," is associate professor and chair of history at St. Jerome's University (University of Waterloo) and co-chair of the Munk School for Global Affairs-Walter and Duncan Gordon Foundation Arctic Peoples and Security program. He has written or edited more than a dozen books and is a frequent commentator on Arctic sovereignty and security issues. His co-authored book *Arctic Front: Defending Canada in the Far North* won the 2009 Donner Prize.

Ryan Kessler, a lifelong hockey history fanatic, writes about the cultural tensions surrounding hockey in Montreal in the 1920s and '30s in "Hockey's High Rollers." A communications student at Red River College in Winnipeg, Kessler won the 2013 Jack Matheson Award, which recognizes Manitoba students who excel in sports journalism. Kessler also contributed a series of podcasts and online articles about the early years of the National Hockey League to *Canada's History*. Kessler's other recent work includes a television news feature about former Winnipeg Jets goalie Joe Daley.

Spouting drivel?

Canada's History
Bryce Hall Main Floor
515 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, MB
R3B 2E9
Canada

"Fighting Words," [about the Canadian Museum of Civilization name change] by Ian McKay and Jamie Swift, in your February-March 2013 issue makes me thankful I graduated from Queen's before the revisionist wobblies and socialists [Lenin's useful idiots] wrecked what was once Canada's premier university.

More than 110,000 young Canadians died in wars to safeguard the freedom that lets McKay and Swift spout their misbegotten drivel. They, like so many of today's so-called "historians," only look for the fly specks in the flour — ignoring the vast multitude of accomplishments by Canadians. We should be incredibly proud of our ancestors. They built our reputation as a people who could be counted on to get a job done, in peace and in war. We need to continuously tell the stories of all the heroes who forged this country with their muscles and brains so we could grow in its freedom and space and great blessings of opportunity.

Keep the fly-speck pickers out of your wonderful magazine. Keep telling the words and deeds of our glorious history, as you do so well.

Charles W. Conn
Hastings, Ontario

More fighting words

While enjoying the February–March issue, I encountered the McKay–Swift pseudo-manifesto entitled "Fighting Words."

There were three immediate outcomes. First, I am proud that in our democratic way of life, we are strong enough to permit the occasional publication of drivel. Second, I am pleased that the readers of *Canada's History* can, within a single issue, compare genuine stories of Canadian history with the puerile negativism, distortion, and gratuitous insults rampant in "Fighting Words." Third, I was relieved that the piece was mercifully short.

While free advice is often worth what the recipient pays for it, nevertheless the authors, apparently cloistered in their university environment, might usefully go online to search for [and participate in] courses on anger management, hyperbole reduction, and how to focus on the real issues.

Richard W. Pound
Montreal, Quebec

[Editor's note: Richard W. Pound is the Board Chair of Canada's History Society.]

Salt of the prairie earth

The author of "The Great Trek North" [December 2012-January 2013] points to recent census maps to show that Palliser's Triangle in Saskatchewan still has a sparse population compared to the parkland belt. This fact is even more graphically evident if you look at the latest NOAA imagery of the earth at night, which shows the parkland belt lit up like the Milky Way.

In 1993, I met two old men sawing firewood in the woods near Nelson, B.C. I spent a good part of a day helping them and listening to their stories. They had fled southern Saskatchewan with their parents in a wagon pulled by oxen in the 1930s. They just walked away from their home, with the vague idea that there was a place west of the mountains where apples grew.

They eventually made it to Creston, B.C., where they bought a small orchard. They were like many prairie refugees and their family was always poor.

They were salt of the earth folk, the likes of which we shall not meet again.

James K. Finley
Sidney, B.C.

Shelters for peace

A contemporary reader could be forgiven for taking from Andrew Burtch's article "Gimme Shelter" [December–January 2013] that the construction of basement fallout shelters in the early 1960s was an essentially pointless undertaking by a relatively small number of overly fearful Canadian families.

My parents, responding to the chilling events of the Cuban Missile Crisis, directed the construction of such a shelter in our Ottawa basement in late 1962. My brother and I, both young teens at the time, provided the labour for this task. The memory of crawling into dark, musty, claustrophobic corners to hoist heavy cinder blocks into place, apply mortar, and then pour insulating sand into the gaps, remains vivid in my mind over half a century later.

Happily, the shelter moved on from Cold War to cold storage applications. The present occupants of the house also hopefully give thanks now and again to the prescient former owner who constructed such a magnificent, expansive wine cellar. The ultimate toast to peace, I like to think!

Daniel Brunton
Ottawa

Canada's History magazine welcomes your comments. Email us at editors@CanadasHistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9 Canada. Please include your address and phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

TALES AND TREASURES

FROM THE RICH LEGACY OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

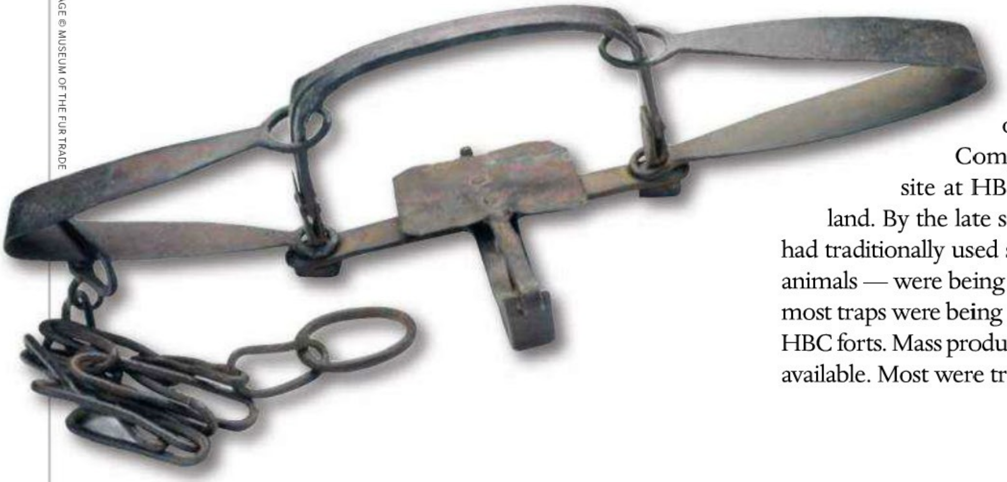


IMAGE © MUSEUM OF THE FUR TRADE

Delicate device

Animal traps like this one were pivotal to the success of the Hudson's Bay Company. Early traps were hand-forged on site at HBC forts with iron imported from England. By the late seventeenth century, Aboriginals — who had traditionally used snares, deadfalls, or other means to trap animals — were being introduced to metal traps. By the 1850s, most traps were being made in English factories and shipped to HBC forts. Mass production increased the number of steel traps available. Most were traded to Aboriginal hunters.

— **Beverley Tallon**

In The Beaver...

90 years ago

For the dogs

Many people will hunt for sport, but in 1923 writer C.H.M. Gordon hunted for dog food. Gordon wrote in the June issue that he and his friends travelled to James Bay to hunt beluga whales to feed their sled dogs. He explained in detail the chain, net, and buoy system the group used. Even with all the hunters and their technology, the whales broke through and escaped on their first visit. Gordon had better luck on his next hunting trip the following autumn when he bagged five belugas — plenty of food for the team.

60 years ago

Arctic mystery

"Stones of Mystery" (December 1953) explored the story behind a group of large boulders placed on top of smaller rocks at the upper end of the Melville Peninsula in Nunavut. The boulders were too large to be easily lifted but appeared intentionally placed. The Inuit said the Toonik people, a tribe of "giants," placed the boulders. Yet no one, including the Inuit, knew exactly why the rocks were there. Guesses included their being intended as hunting markers or intimidation tactics against would-be intruders.

30 years ago

Stone houses

Criticized by many of his peers in the archaeology community, Thomas E. Lee remained convinced that Norsemen had inhabited northern Quebec around 1000 A.D. The Winter 1983 article "On the Trail of the Northmen" takes readers on a walk through the stone ruins of longhouses. Lee describes finding a Norse axe head and even a skull with features that appeared Icelandic. All the artifacts were found along the shores of Ungava Bay, where many thought only the Inuit had lived.

The Beaver magazine was originally founded as a Hudson's Bay Company publication in 1920. To read stories from past issues, go to **CanadasHistory.ca/tradingpost**. To explore the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, go to **hbc.com/hbc/history**.

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Marine Building

Vancouver, designed by McCarter & Nairne, 1930

The Marine Building has been a landmark on the Vancouver skyline since its completion in 1930. The twenty-storey office tower, located in the heart of the business district and adjacent to the waterfront, brought together grain, shipping, lumber, insurance, and other import/export merchants under one roof.

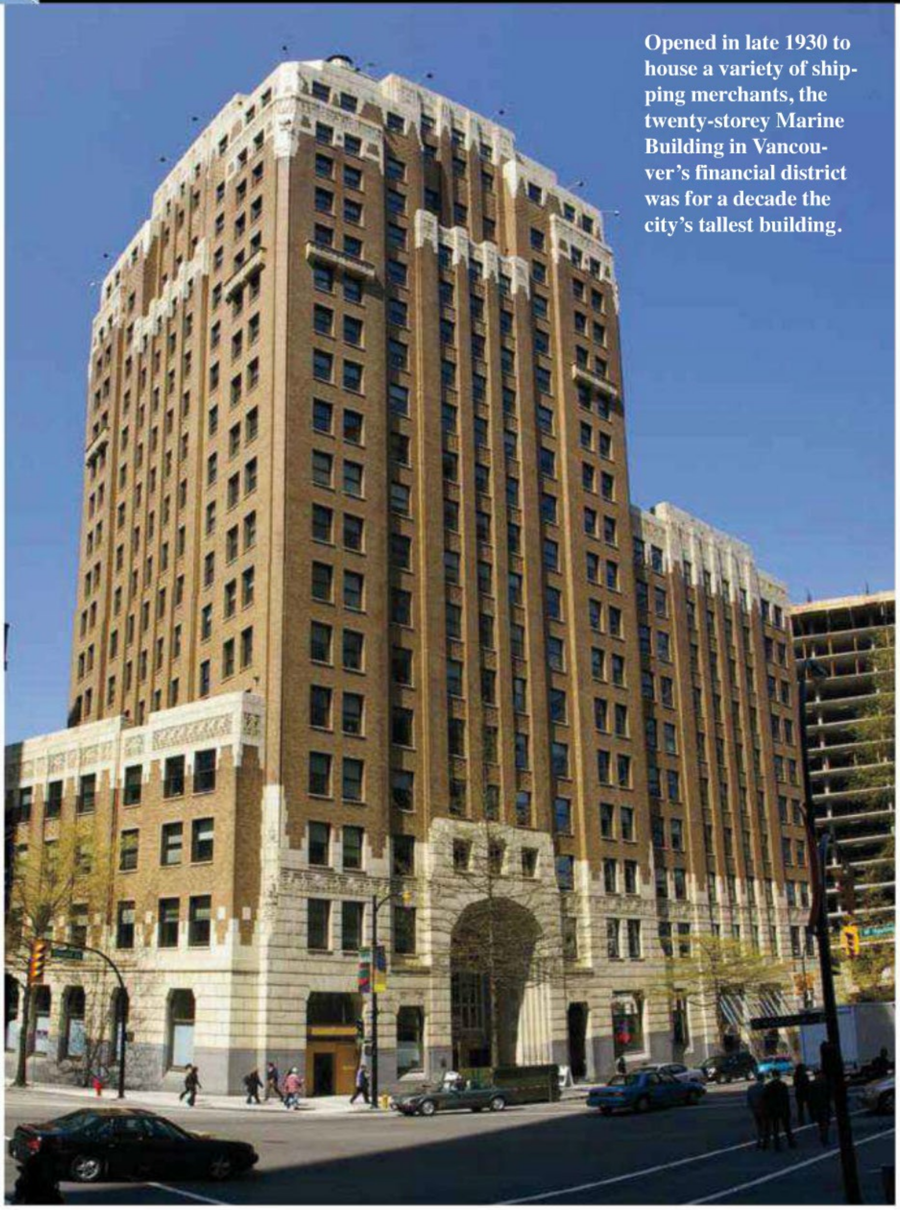
Designed by Vancouver architectural firm McCarter & Nairne, it was promoted in its day as "the largest, highest, and most modern office building in Western Canada." The abundant decoration on the exterior and interior of the building certainly justifies the architect's assertion that the building "suggests some great marine rock rising from the sea, clinging with sea flora and fauna, tinted in sea green, flashed with gold, at night a dim silhouette piercing the sea mists."

Terra-cotta decorative panels above the ground floor and at the top of the facade depict seaweed, seahorses, and fish, while others showcase contemporary modes of transportation such as a submarine, airplane, train, and even a dirigible. The front entrance is embellished with six bas-relief Canada geese in full flight. Sconce lights in the form of ships' prows illuminate the richly detailed ceiling.

Today, the building remains a prestigious address for law firms and other businesses.

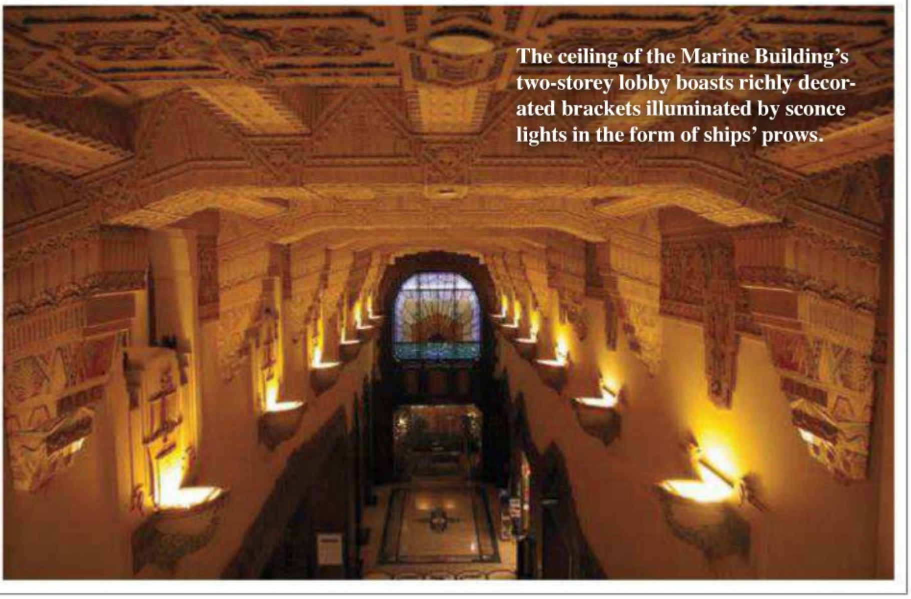
— **Tim Morawetz**

Award-winning author Tim Morawetz is working on his second book, Art Deco Architecture Across Canada, *due to be published in 2013.*



Opened in late 1930 to house a variety of shipping merchants, the twenty-storey Marine Building in Vancouver's financial district was for a decade the city's tallest building.

ANDREW JAMES / DIGITALMETROPOLIS@GMAIL.COM / FLICKR.COM/PHOTOS/NOUVEAUVOYAGES

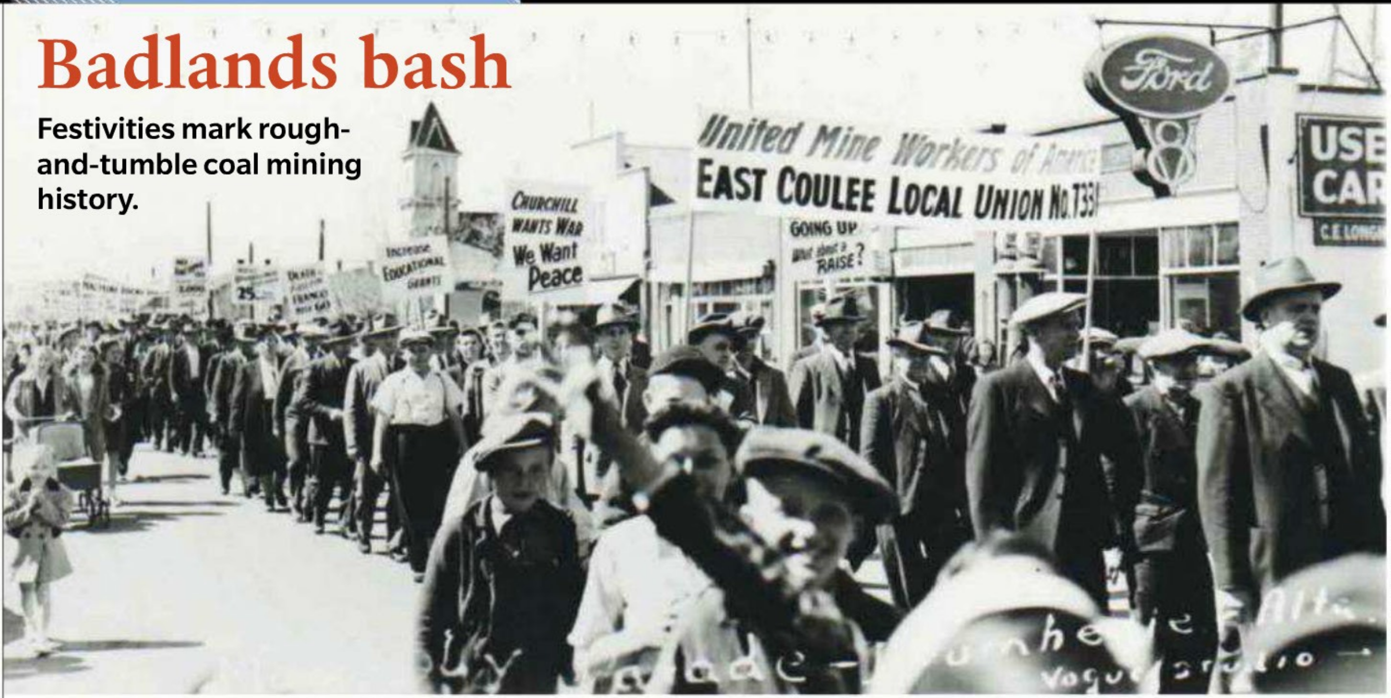


The ceiling of the Marine Building's two-storey lobby boasts richly decorated brackets illuminated by sconce lights in the form of ships' prows.

ANDREW JAMES / DIGITALMETROPOLIS@GMAIL.COM / FLICKR.COM/PHOTOS/NOUVEAUVOYAGES

Badlands bash

Festivities mark rough-and-tumble coal mining history.


United Mine Workers of America
EAST COULEE LOCAL UNION No. T33
CHURCHILL WANTS WAR We Want Peace
GOING UP What about a RAISE?
Increase Educational Grants
Ford V8
USED CARS
C.E. LONG
Drumheller Alta.
Vogue Studio

ATLAS COAL MINE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE ARCHIVES/ACM-1388

The May Day march through Drumheller, Alberta, seen here circa 1939, was revived to mark the Drumheller Valley's mining centennial in 2011 and the town's centennial this year.

The town of Drumheller, Alberta, is celebrating its centennial in 2013 with a series of events that mark its history as a centre for coal mining. A traditional procession of miners is being held alongside other activities to showcase the area's rich history and culture.

The area's Aboriginal peoples had long been aware of coal in Canada's Badlands, before passing explorers observed its abundance. But it wasn't until 1884 that Joseph Tyrrell of the Geological Survey of Canada discovered the largest coal deposits in North America, eventually igniting the "great Drumheller coal boom."

According to legend, the coal rush started when Sam Drumheller drove his Cadillac down the frozen Red Deer River in 1910 looking for good ranchland. Instead, he stumbled onto some good-quality coal. Drumheller abandoned his ranch plans and concentrated on mining. Over the following years, more than 139 mines were registered in the area.

Thousands of people, most of them recent immigrants, poured into the Drumheller Valley following the completion of the Canadian Northern Railway. The population was overwhelmingly male, and most were bachelors. When not working, many of the men gambled, drank, bootlegged, and had fistfights for sport.

Living conditions were dire. Bedbugs at one mine becoming a flashpoint of anger. At another mine, a recurring problem with vermin crawling on the seats of the outhouses led to a strike.

Underground conditions were often no better. Some sites required miners to crawl in and pick coal while lying on their sides. At other mines, men and ponies had to quickly flee rising waters when pumps failed. There were twenty-eight labour strikes in 1918 alone. The "coal miners' civil war," as the locals called it, lasted until 1936.

Drumheller coal was at its highest demand at the start of World War II, by which time working conditions had improved immensely. Long coal trains left the valley once an hour, twenty-four hours a day.

Drumheller coal heated homes, cooked food, and made electricity for large numbers of Canadians. But coal's reign ended when oil was struck at Leduc, Alberta, in 1947. By the 1960s, most of the Drumheller Valley's boomtowns had become ghost towns.

Today, the Atlas Coal Mine National Historic Site stands as a legacy to the coal mines of the Drumheller Valley and the people who worked in them. The most complete historic coal mine in Canada, it's also home to the nation's last wooden tipple, formerly used to load coal for transport, and will host a Twoonie Day May 5 during the May Day Miners Festival weekend.

Other events take place in the town of Drumheller on May 15, its official centennial. For more on the history of the Drumheller area, plus additional photographs, visit CanadasHistory.ca/DrumhellerMining.

— Jay Russell

TAKE THE DAY OFF

April 12

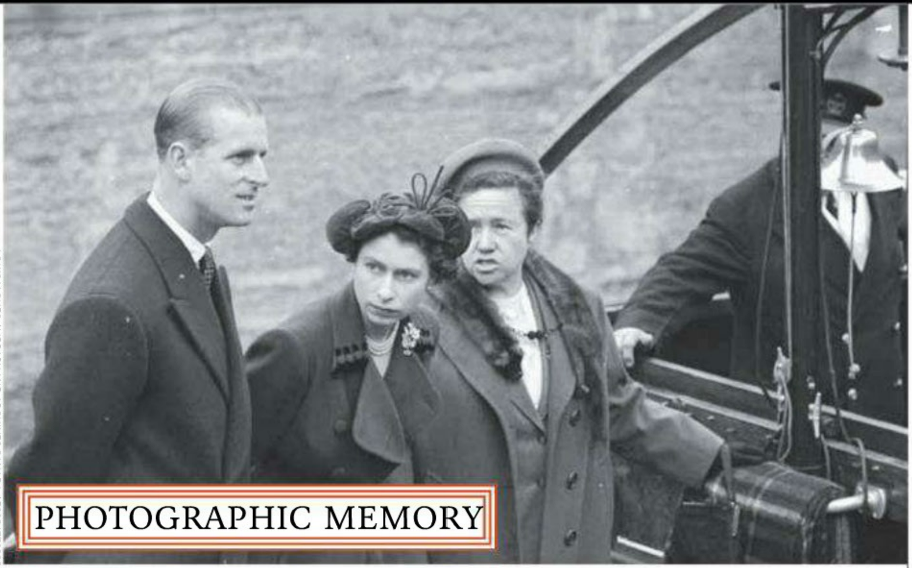
To observe the 1838 hanging of Samuel Lount and Peter Matthews in Toronto following their convictions for treason after the Rebellion of 1837. Let out a rebel yell.

April 18

To mark the day in 1946 when Jackie Robinson broke baseball's colour barrier in the minor leagues by playing for the Montreal Royals. Hit a home run.

PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY

Princess Elizabeth looks in alarm, Ottawa, October 1951, Weekend Magazine collection



LOUIS JAQUES / LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA / E0054770009

After arriving in Ottawa on October 10, 1951, on her first visit to Canada, Princess Elizabeth attended a square dance in Rideau Hall, sat for a formal portrait with Yousuf Karsh, and at one point toured the Rideau Canal in a royal barge.

The barge attracted many observers, with several other vessels that travelling alongside. Photographer Louis Jaques captured a moment when the barge's occupants, including the Princess, thought that one of the travellers had fallen overboard — but it turned out to be only a boy's cap floating in the water.

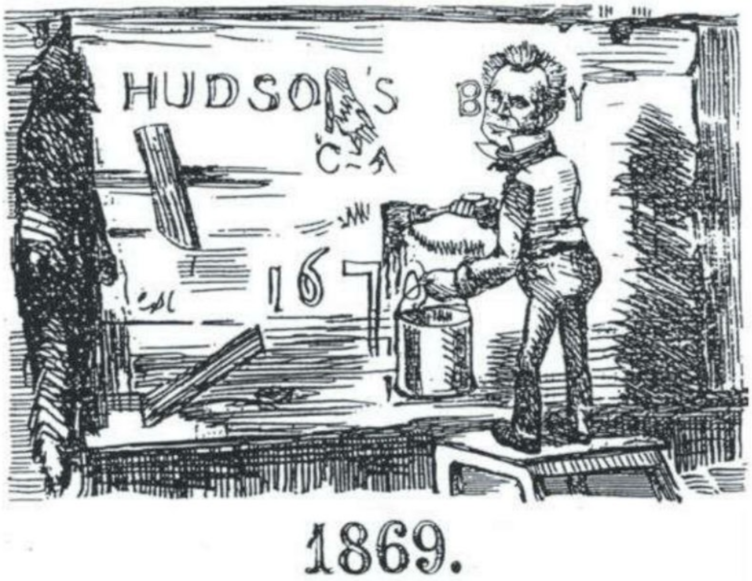
His photo of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh was published in the November 3, 1951, edition of *Weekend Magazine*.

For three months ahead of the royal couple's arrival, government officials had been advising Canadians about proper greetings and correct attire. It's hard to say how they would have felt about this unexpected event.

Selected by Library and Archives Canada photo archivist Shannon Perry.

LAUGH LINES

This cartoon by an unknown artist appeared in the April 30, 1869, edition of *Diogenes*, published in Montreal.



Going west

In 1868–69, George-Étienne Cartier successfully negotiated the acquisition of Rupert's Land and the North-West Territory from the British Government and the Hudson's Bay Company.

Canada's control of the West had been threatened by the American purchase of Alaska from the Russians in 1867 and by the efforts of the United States to complete a transcontinental railway in 1869. The purchase agreement was an essential first step in bringing about the extension of Canada from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

Cartier also negotiated the entry of British Columbia into Confederation in 1871 by promising to link the colony to the rest of Canada by rail.

— **Charles Hou**

Charles Hou is the author of several books about historical Canadian political cartoons.

April 20

To note the day in 1808 when David Thompson began his second summer of exploring the Columbia Basin. Travel light.

May 29

To remember the day in 1838 when the Canadian steamer *Sir Robert Peel* was seized and burned in the St. Lawrence River during heightened tensions with the U.S. Set the night on fire.

May 31

To recall the Upper Canada legislature's passage of the Alien Act against anti-British sentiment on this date in 1794. Fly the Union Jack.

Culture with a catch

An exhibition at the Nikkei National Museum and Cultural Centre in Burnaby, British Columbia, portrays the legacy and significance of Japanese fishermen and their families along Canada's West Coast.

The work of the Nikkei — or, people of Japanese descent — has long been intertwined with the province's labour and politics. Beginning in the 1870s, people arrived from Japan in search of new livelihoods. Many of them wound up in the fishing industry, with men serving on boats while women worked in canneries, sometimes with babies strapped to their backs.

The exhibit, entitled Ryoshi — Nikkei Fishermen of the BC Coast (*ryoshi* means someone dedicated to fishing), explores both their unique contributions to the industry and the challenges they often faced, including racism. It shows many aspects of their lives, ranging from work on the boats to the importance of family and community.

By 1888, more than two thousand Nikkei were involved in the annual sockeye salmon catch. The fishermen excelled at boat building while helping to develop new techniques and new markets for B.C. fish. They often held potluck gatherings aboard their boats.

Besides working and raising children, women helped to keep traditions alive and community life vibrant.

Even after the Canadian government seized their property and forced them to relocate during World War II, many Nikkei eventually returned to the coast and to work in the industry.

The exhibit was produced with the help of the Nikkei Fishermen's Reunion Project, Canfisco, the Gulf of Georgia Cannery Society, and other supporters. It continues until May 19.

SHUCHONA II

NIKKEI NATIONAL MUSEUM 2010.11.3.1

Tom Tanaka and others on the *Shuchona II*, Steveson, British Columbia, circa 1920s.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Marquis wheat

From the mid-1800s until the turn of the twentieth century, the predominant variety of wheat on the Canadian prairies was Red Fife. Though its yields were good and its flour was among the best in the world, Red Fife had one downfall: it ripened too late to avoid August frosts.

Dr. William Saunders, a biologist at the Central Experimental Farm in Ottawa, set out to find a solution. After travelling across Canada and speaking to farmers, Saunders and his sons, A.P. and Charles, began crossing Red Fife with other varieties of wheat with the hope of creating a hybrid that could be grown in colder climates.

In 1904, Charles developed a new variety named Marquis wheat — a cross between Red Fife and Hard Red Calcutta, an early ripening variety from India. Marquis wheat quickly became the main variety grown in Canada, producing a higher yield than Red Fife and ripening an average of six days earlier.

By 1917, the use of Marquis wheat had added twenty-six million bushels to the North American harvest — providing a huge boost during the food crisis caused by World War I. Today, almost every variety of wheat grown in Canada can be traced back to Marquis wheat.

— Mark Schram

CANADA'S HISTORY TRAVELS

ALL ABOARD WITH CANADA'S HISTORY & RAIL TRAVEL TOURS

Enjoy the heritage of Ontario on two different rail tours in 2013 - or put your deposit down now for our Canadian Mountains & Heritage Tour in April 2014. The tours will again include unique heritage learning experiences, special behind-the-scenes tours and guest speakers EXCLUSIVELY featured on these Canadian travel experiences.

[Book early! – TOURS TYPICALLY SELL OUT EARLY!]

You won't want to be left behind.

ONLY 40 SPACES

WHICH PLAN TO GO QUICK

Brockville Tall Ships, First Port of Call & War of 1812 Rail Tour

Thursday June 13 – Sunday June 16, 2013

Roundtrip from Toronto travelling by rail to enjoy the sails of Brockville's Tall Ship Festival, War of 1812 historic sites on this 4 day, 3 night special event tour starting with a welcome visit to the Brockville Museum and private tour & dinner at the Fulford Mansion. Highlights include passport to visit the Tall Ships and 2 nights at Brockville's Wine & Food Festival, day trip to the Upper Canada Village and War of 1812 heritage sites including the Battle of Cryslers Farm & Fort Wellington with its 1812 Gunboat Display and a 1000 Islands boat tour to see the tall ships from the St Lawrence. Package includes hotel stays with full breakfast each morning; numerous other meals, rail trips, transfers, and additional heritage presentations.

THIS IS YOUR ONLY OPPORTUNITY TO RESERVE.

Price $ 895.00 CDN + HST per person
based on double occupancy.
Single Supp. $200.00

*Call to ask how you can travel roundtrip from Ottawa or Montreal.

ONLY 38 SPACES

Superior Colours & Heritage of Northern Ontario Tour

Sunday Sept 29 to Thursday Oct 03, 2013

Book now to enjoy the fall colours on this popular tour with MORE heritage experiences including a tour of the SS Keewatin and the RMS Segwun lunch cruise on Lake Muskoka. Travel on VIA Rail's Sudbury-White River train enjoying both the fall foliage and heritage experiences of Northern Ontario. This 5 day, 4 night tour roundtrip from Toronto features daytime travel and hotel stays each night. Trip highlights also feature the Dynamic Earth Nickel Mine Tour, Northern Ontario Railway Museum, White River Museum, Muskoka Heritage & Boat Centre and more. See pristine parts of the Canadian Shield from the Rail Diesel Car remote rail service (the last of its kind in Ontario) and experience "A Bear named Winnie", the presentation in White River where this now famous bear cub was first adopted. Package includes hotel stays, rail and bus trips, heritage attractions, and additional heritage presentations.

Price $ 895.00 CDN + HST per person
based on double occupancy.
Single supplement $200.00

PREFERRED HOTEL RATE AVAILABLE PRE AND POST NIGHT TOUR AT TORONTO'S FAIRMONT ROYAL YORK HOTEL THAT IS LOCATED ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE TRAIN STATION.

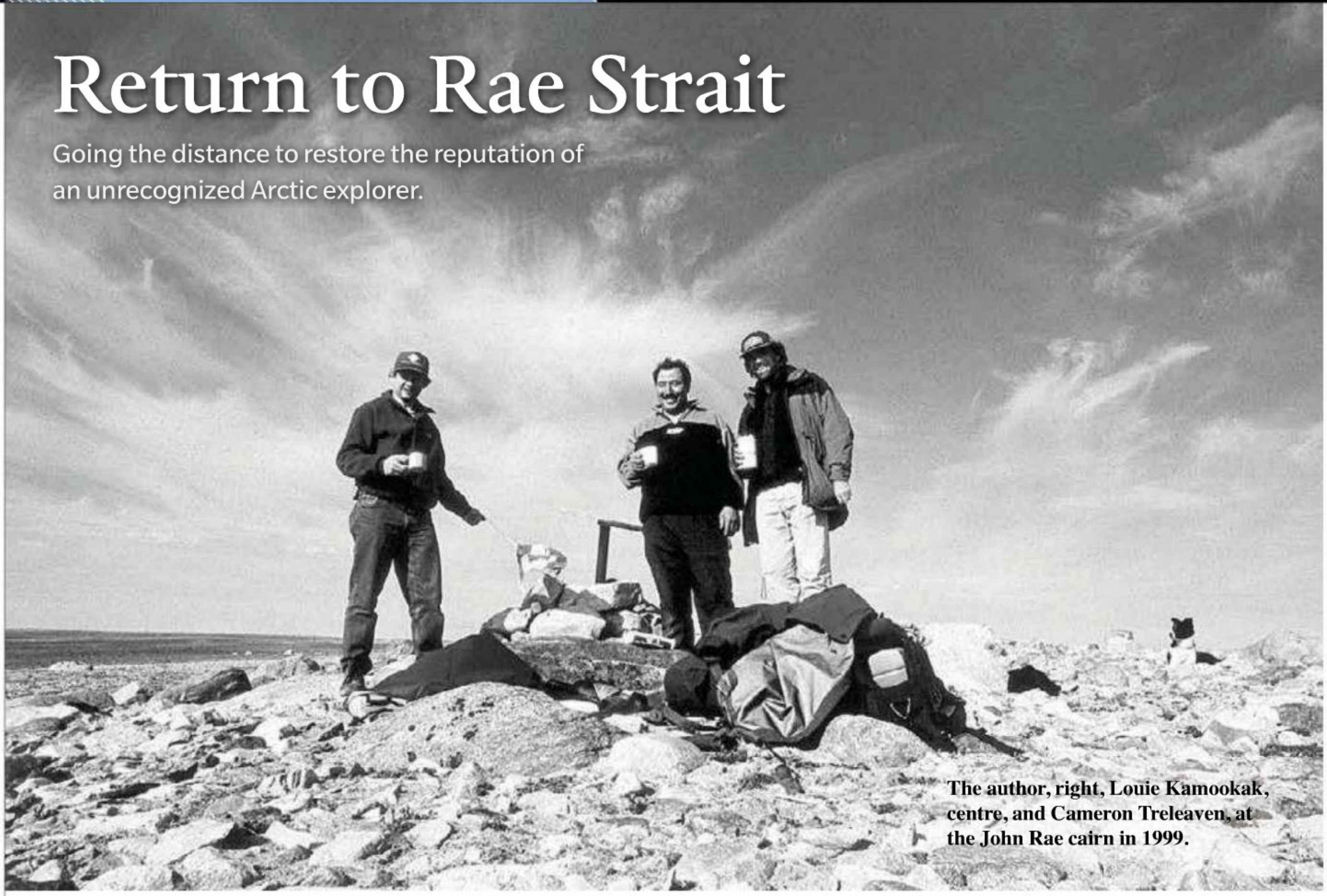
RAIL TRAVEL TOURS

Reserve your spot today or ask for more information on how you can ride the rails of history!
Call Rail Travel Tours toll free: **1-866-704-3528** or visit www.CanadasHistory.ca/travel

KEN MCGOOGAN

Return to Rae Strait

Going the distance to restore the reputation of an unrecognized Arctic explorer.



The author, right, Louie Kamookak, centre, and Cameron Treleaven, at the John Rae cairn in 1999.

CAMERON TRELEAVEN

We were in the Arctic, on the west coast of Boothia Peninsula in August 2012, roaring towards shore in a Zodiac. A group of three men and one woman, we were on a scouting mission to locate a cairn and plaque dedicated to explorer John Rae. I kept my worries to myself. What if boulders or a heavy swell prevented us from landing? What if extreme weather had destroyed the memorial? What if someone had carried it off? Any of these circumstances would upset my goal to establish this site as a viable historical destination.

For years I have been urging people to stop obsessing about Sir John Franklin, that unfortunate Englishman, and instead to celebrate explorer John Rae, the Hudson's Bay Company explorer and intrepid champion of the Native peoples.

In 1999, I, along with fellow adventurers Cameron Treleavan, an Arctic antiquarian, and Louie Kamookak, an Inuit historian, set out to install a plaque at the site where Rae had built the cairn in 1854 — a spot overlooking a key link in the Northwest Passage. Finding the cairn was not an easy task. We pounded across Rae Strait from Gjoa Haven in a four-and-a-half-metre boat, then camped overnight in a dirt-floor tent. The following day we hiked for hours to reach a longitude that had been recorded in the mid-1850s with unreliable instruments, and we ended up far inland.

Returning due west towards the coast, we detoured south around a freezing, rock-filled inlet, then followed the Boothia coast north. Finally, having trekked thirty kilometres across bog and tundra, we found on a ridge the remains of the cairn.

The next day, lugging the plaque, we returned via a more direct route, planted the metal base in the ground near the cairn, and piled stones around it. We drank a toast to Rae and the two men who had reached this point with him, an Ojibwa named Thomas Mistegan and an Inuk called William Ouligbuck Jr. All this I described in the epilogue to my book *Fatal Passage: The Untold Story of John Rae, the Arctic Adventurer Who Discovered the Fate of Franklin.*

Now, arriving by motorized rubber dinghy thirteen years later, with four of us eagerly scanning the horizon, ornithologist Mark "Eagle Eye" Mallory put my fears to rest when he proclaimed: "I see it. Twelve o'clock." Sure enough, there it stood on the horizon: the John Rae memorial plaque. We drove the Zodiac onto the sand beach.

Born in Orkney, Scotland, on September 30, 1813, John Rae solved the two enduring mysteries of nineteenth-century Arctic exploration: He discovered the controversial fate of the 1845 Franklin expedition and he found the final link in the Northwest Passage. But he received little credit for either of these accomplishments. Efforts by powerful Victorians — notably Lady Jane Franklin and Charles Dickens — to erase Rae from official history almost succeeded. He was the only major British explorer of his day never to receive a knighthood.

The reason for Rae's fall from grace was his report to the British admiralty about what he had learned about the doomed Franklin expedition — in particular, that some of the crew had resorted to cannibalism. This shocking revelation infuriated Lady Franklin, who launched a campaign to discredit Rae.

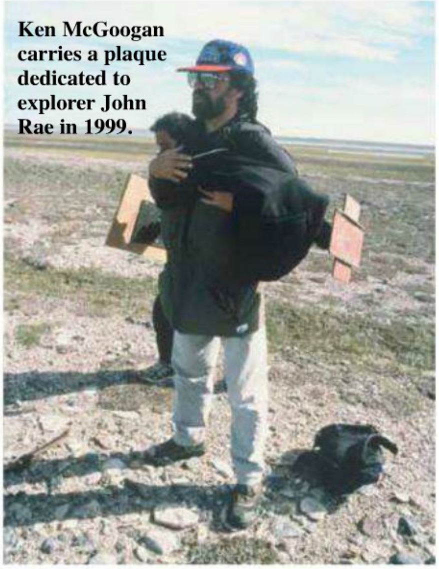
But there were those who knew better. Later explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson described Rae as "a genius of Arctic travel." A surgeon employed by the Hudson's Bay Company, Rae had learned much of what he knew about travelling and surviving in the Arctic from the indigenous people who lived there. Between 1846 and 1854, he led four major expeditions, travelling more than 37,000 kilometres and charting 2,475 kilometres of coastline. The chief hunter and food-supplier of every outing, he was a prodigy of endurance, resilience, and resourcefulness. Rae trekked 10,470 kilometres in the Arctic alone, mostly on snowshoes of his own design.

In 1999, in an attempt to commemorate this peerless explorer at the site of his greatest achievement, Treleaven and I built a plaque in Calgary. We used a sheet of anodized aluminum and screwed it onto a slab of Honduran mahogany. In Gjoa Haven, an Inuit community on King William Island, Kamookak did his part by attaching the plaque to a waist-high stand of welded steel.

Now, thirteen years later, on reaching the ridge overlooking Rae Strait, we found the mahogany greying nicely, the memorial in superb condition. Under the heading "Homage to John Rae," the plaque relates how, in the spring of 1854, after wintering above the Arctic Circle at Repulse Bay, the HBC explorer led four men across Boothia Peninsula, bent on completing the mapping of the northern coast of North America. By delineating that coastline between two known locations, Rae hoped either to establish or to invalidate the existence of a navigable Northwest Passage.

Gale-force winds, blowing snow, and bitter cold overcame two of his men, and Rae insisted they take shelter and wait for his return. Hauling sledges farther north along the coast with his two hardiest men, Mistegan and Ouligbuck, he pushed on, building Inuit-style snow huts. On May 6, 1854, he reached a spot he called Point de la Guiche, naming it after a travelling friend, Charles de la Guiche.

Standing at a latitude he recorded, with striking accuracy, as 68°57', Rae looked out over a channel covered by "young ice." Having studied ice and written articles about it, Rae could see that this waterway would be ice-free during summer. The plaque summarizes his realization: "The channel before him which joined known points accessible by sailing ship, constituted the missing link in the Northwest Passage." Before turning back, Rae built a cairn at the location.



Ken McGoogan carries a plaque dedicated to explorer John Rae in 1999.

CAMERON TRELEAVEN

In August 2012, I returned to the site with Adventure Canada, travelling as a staff historian and author aboard the 120-passenger *Clipper Adventurer.* While gun-bearers wandered afield to check for polar bears, I examined the ruins of Rae's cairn and the plaque, reflecting on how the plaque may have helped save a man's life.

In March 2002, an Inuit hunter travelling by snowmobile from Pelly Bay to Gjoa Haven — a distance of 240 kilometres — was engulfed by a blizzard and got utterly lost. When he came across the plaque, he used his emergency radio to call the RCMP in Gjoa Haven. The hunter may not have known exactly what he was looking at, but he mentioned that one of the names on the plaque was that of Kamookak, who was well-known in the region. The RCMP officer got Kamookak on the phone, and he told the traveller which way to go. Did the plaque save the man's life? Some said so.

Since the plaque was installed at the site, the struggle to gain recognition for John Rae has gathered momentum. *Fatal Passage*, published in 2001, won several awards as well as the attention of the British Parliament. After reading the book, Scottish MP Alistair Carmichael, who represents Rae's birthplace of Orkney, began a campaign on the explorer's behalf. Carmichael introduced two motions: one in July 2004 to have the House of Commons declare its

CANADA'S HISTORY
FORMERLY THE BEAVER

Back issues as far back as the 1950s are still available. Order now while supplies last!

WHILE SUPPLIES LAST

Order Now! Quantities are Limited!

Back Issues

First Issue
Summer 1960
Aug • Sept 2010

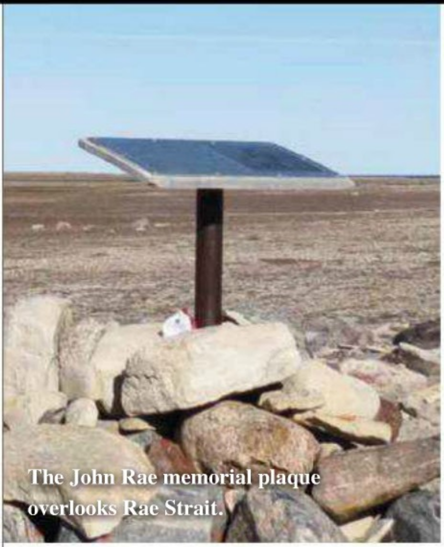
Slip Case

Each case holds twelve issues, two years worth of magazines, and ensures your collection of Canada's History stays in perfect condition for future reference

$12.98 each or 2 for $22

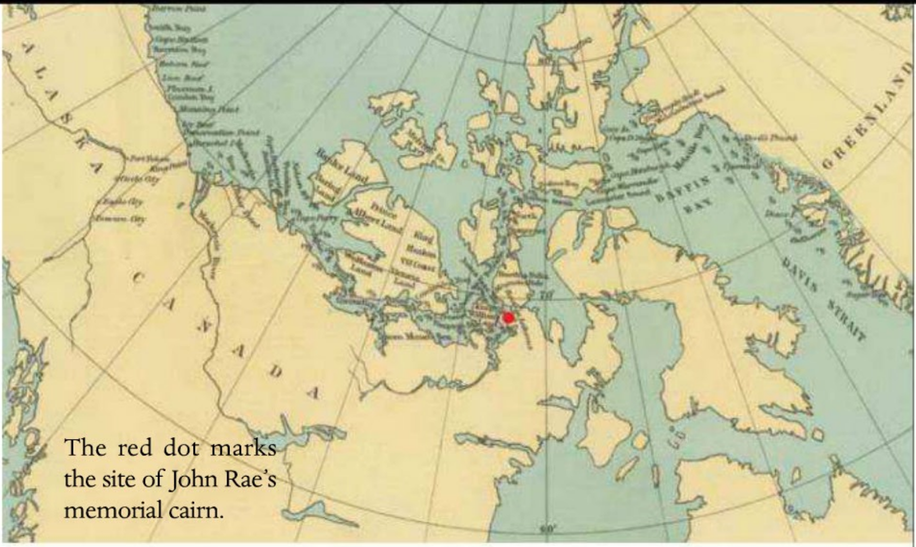
Visit CanadasHistory.ca for a complete list of back issues, including the very first issue from October 1920.

ORDER NOW: 1-888-816-0997 or online at CanadasHistory.ca



The John Rae memorial plaque overlooks Rae Strait.

SHEENA FRASER MCGOOGAN



The red dot marks the site of John Rae's memorial cairn.

DETAIL: UNIVERSITY OF MANITOBA ARCHIVES & SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

regret that "Dr. Rae was never awarded the public recognition that was his due" and a second in March 2009 to have Parliament formally regret "that memorials to Sir John Franklin outside the Admiralty headquarters and inside Westminster Abbey still inaccurately describe Franklin as the first to discover the [Northwest] passage."

Meanwhile, in 2008, a docudrama based on *Fatal Passage* aired on BBC and the History Channel and won several awards. Autumn 2012 saw the publication of *The Arctic Journals of John Rae*. And in September 2013, to mark the bicentennial of Rae's birth, Orkney will play host to an international conference on Rae.

But we're slipping into the future. In August 2012, with the sea ice retracting and more history buffs visiting the Arctic on touring ships, I hoped to establish the John Rae memorial as a place to visit. The problem was getting there. Our original hike was too arduous for most people. I worried that if rough weather made it impossible to land we might have to bring the Zodiacs into the inlet that in 1999 had forced a detour.

Rae Strait is only twenty-four kilometres across, but its edges remain uncharted. Captain Kenth Grankvist, a veteran Arctic voyager, augmented the ship's electronic instruments by sending out two men in a Zodiac to take soundings by hand. He then followed a zigzag course to get us within two kilometres of shore. After Mallory spotted the plaque from the water, we cruised onto a sandy beach at 68°57.842' north latitude, 94°35.088' west longitude.

The plaque was an easy march across the beach. We gathered eighty or ninety voyagers into a circle, and I said a few words about John Rae and his two men, and what their discovery meant to Arctic exploration history. Then I wedged three small flags of Scotland, Canada, and Nunavut into the stones around the stand of the plaque, together with a small tin canister containing the names of all the passengers on the ship.

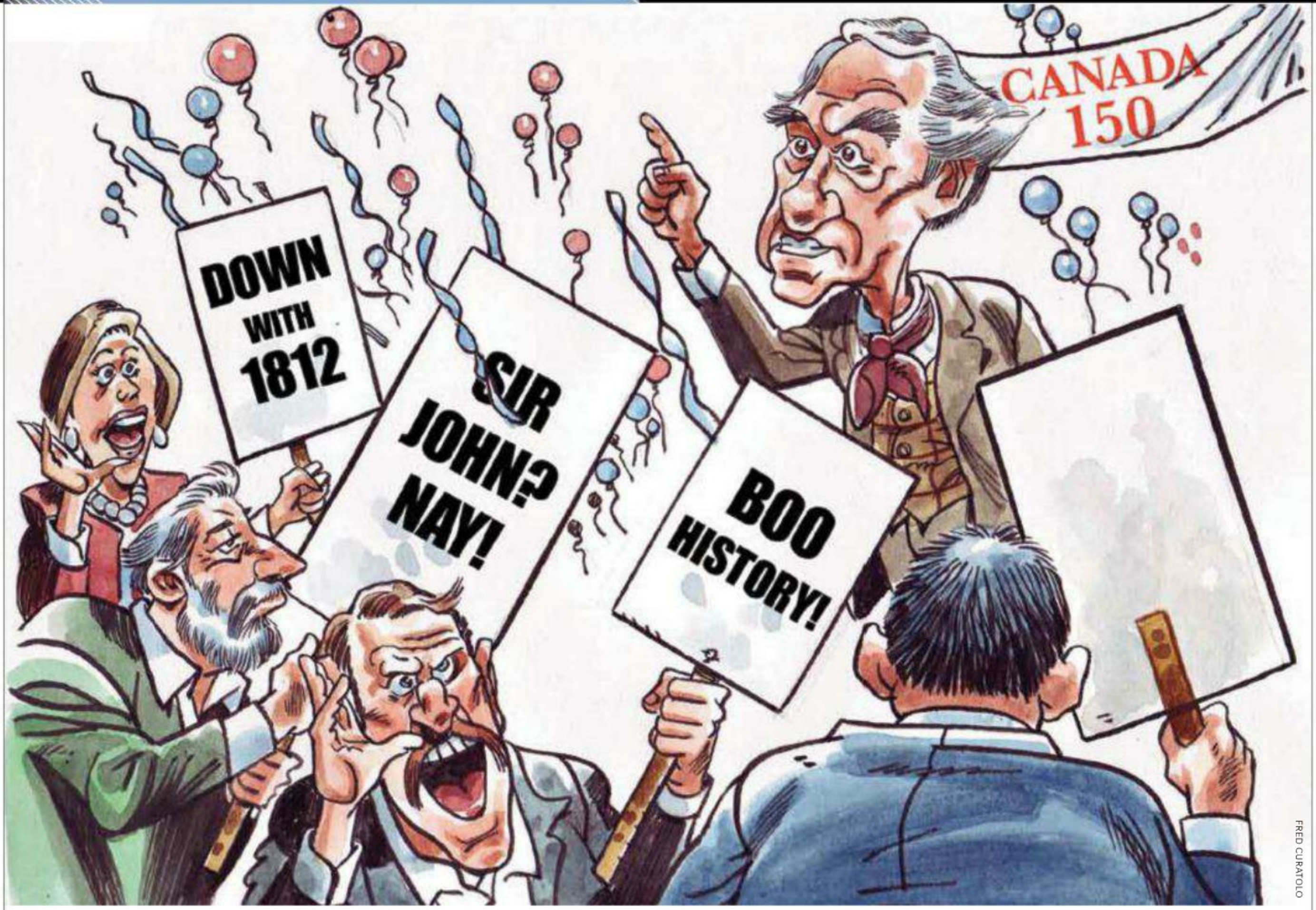
Inuk culturalist Bernadette Dean, a friend of Louie Kamookak, led two young Inuit women from Baffin Island, Akum and Lummy, in a song of celebration and then stood aside while the two marked the occasion with throat-singing. Another Inuk staffer, Jenna Andersen of Labrador, did what was probably the first-ever handstand at this location.

And why wouldn't we celebrate? The site, a crucial location in Arctic exploration history, had proven readily accessible. Back on the ship, I visited the bridge and thanked the captain: "Mission accomplished."

Historian and author Ken McGoogan writes regularly in *Canada's History*.

Ken McGoogan, centre, with Chris Dolder, left, Brad Rhees, and Jenna Andersen of Adventure Canada in 2012.

SHEENA FRASER MCGOOGAN


CANADA 150
DOWN WITH 1812
SIR JOHN? NAY!
BOO HISTORY!

FRED CURATOLO

Bring on the fireworks

Canadians will certainly party hearty in 2017, but there's bound to be controversy, too, over Canada's 150th.

Did you like how the 200th anniversary commemorations of the War of 1812 went off last year? Well, I did, actually. Thanks for asking.

By mid-summer, I had the sense that the commemoration was achieving liftoff. The anniversary inspired several new books, and it was generally agreed that an American, Alan Taylor, wrote the best of them — *The Civil War of 1812*. Events at the battlefields were well-attended. There was coverage in the media. There were brilliant shows in museums and cultural institutions.

In other words, the bicentennial generated buzz. There was lively discussion infused with a little historical awareness — what more could you ask for?

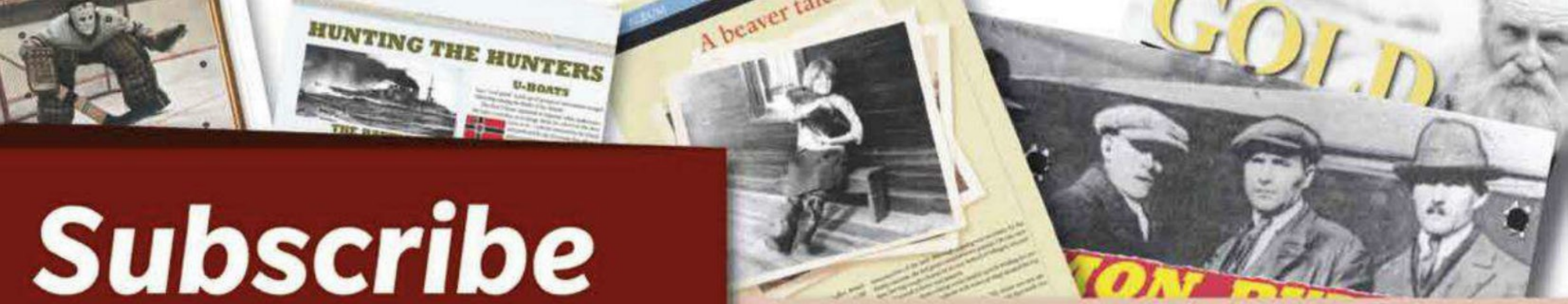
If you liked how 1812 went off, you have quite a bit to look forward to, because that is only the start of a run of commemorations bearing down on us. For a start, this summer marks the three hundred year anniversary of the founding of Louisbourg (*that*, I want to be part of).

Next year, even before 1812–14 wraps up, we will mark the hundredth anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War. In January 2015, we will see the two hundreth anniversary of the birth of the first prime minister, John A. Macdonald. And, much as it shocks old greybeards who remember the centennial year of all centennial years — 1967 — we are only four years from the 150th anniversary of Confederation.

Before all these commemorations begin, we should take note of a lesson from the 1812 bicentennial. One event I found especially engrossing was the "warrior nation" debate. Was it only right to recognize what the War of 1812 meant to Canada? Or was the government cynically using the bicentennial to promote a militaristic agenda for the twenty-first century?

That controversy should have been a shock only if we imagine history is all flags and festivities and tourist promotion. But commemorations are always about the meaning of the past, and the meaning of the past is always worth arguing about.

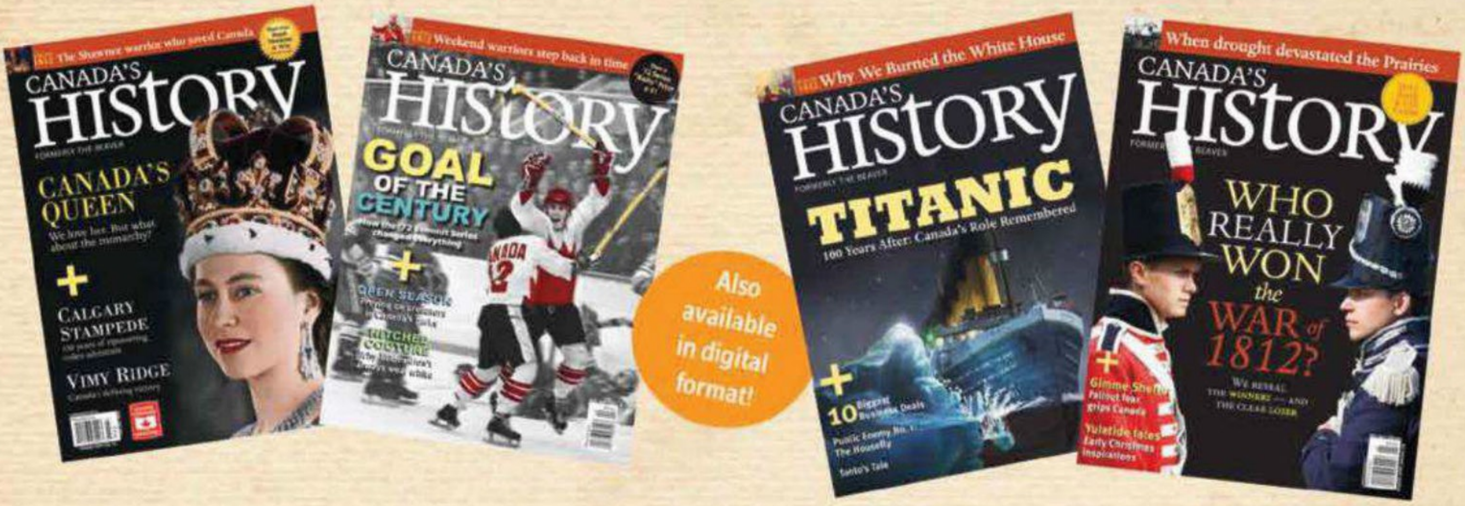
The 1967 celebration is remembered as the greatest party Canada ever threw, and we are still blessed with the centennial projects of that year — such as schools, libraries, arenas, and pools. But in its day, 1967 was controversial too. "Expo is going to cost too much!" critics complained. *"Cent ans d'injustice,"* cried one popular Quebec bumper sticker. The new women's movement reminded us that in 1867 women had no political voice. Politicians promised after a



Subscribe and Save!

Discover the story of Canada with the award-winning magazine dedicated to Canada and her past!

CANADA'S HISTORY



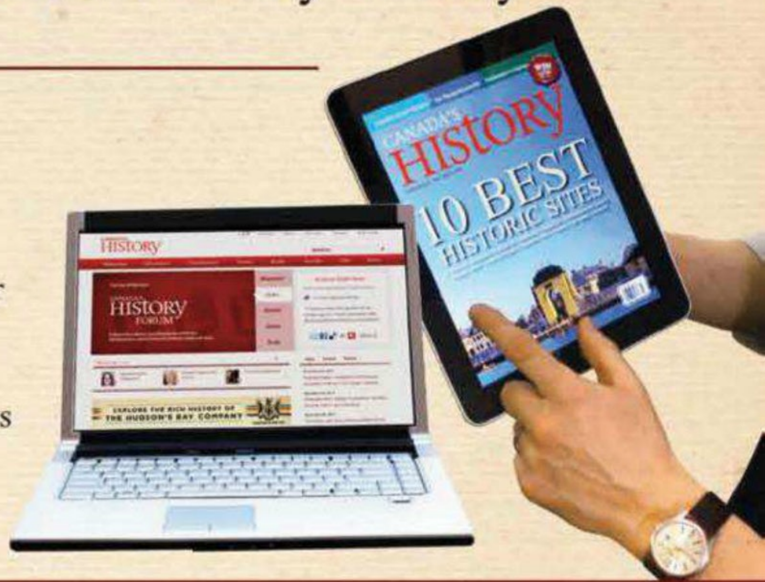
Also available in digital format!

- 6 issues per year
- As low as $29.95!

+ Membership in Canada's History Society

CANADA'S HISTORY ONLINE

- Sign up for your FREE online membership and join our growing online community
- E-newsletters
- Access to forums, for readers, teachers, and genealogists
- Online exclusives
- Invitations to Society events



Visit CanadasHistory.ca for more information | Call 1-888-816-0997

hundred years there would be a "Confederation of Tomorrow." It was not all partying; history helped drive a debate that was worth having.

Brace yourselves, for it is sure to be the same in the anniversaries coming up. In 2014, will we emphasize the bravery of the Great War soldiers and the shaping of a Canadian nation? Or will we mourn the horror and loss of what Prime Minister Robert Borden even then called the suicide of civilization? Such questions are as old as history itself and worth airing again.

In 2015, if John A.'s birthday seems dedicated to raising up the great man who built a nation single-handedly, will some voices want to remind us that, hey, a coalition built Confederation! And that reining in John A. was a vital part of that coalition's work? Debates surrounding leaders and accountability are as lively now as they were then. We should be able to ponder that and still find time to throw a proper party.

For 2017, I'm hoping for a party, for sure. Plans for "Expo 17" seem to have faded. ("It's going to cost too much!" is the complaint.) But Canada 150 has a project, and imagiNation has another. There's a House of Commons committee on the case. There's talk of completing the TransCanada Trail. Parliament Hill will have surely the biggest and best fireworks ever for July 1, 2017.

But for 2017 I foresee a little … acrimony too. Every ambitious segment of our great country, and every alienated one, too, will surely be seizing on what the legacy of 1867 should really be. How will our new diverse Canada see itself in the 2017 events? What will the First Nations say about it? And Quebec?

Then there's the new group called Your Canada Your Constitution that wants us to mark 2017 by designing and ratifying a whole new constitution. Compared to that, I think I would rather drive nails into my forehead!

But, wait, maybe that group is onto something. Confederation is about how we govern ourselves — and that's always good to talk about. Recently I went to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, to join some keen history and social science teachers who wanted to consider 2017. I floated the idea that the anniversary might be a lot of fun, but that it could be controversial too.

My advice to the teachers: Teach the controversy! If the sesquicentennial (are Canadians the only people who know that word?) gets us talking about the history of Confederation and where we want to take it from here, what a great moment for history and civics teaching.

The debate about the meaning of 1812 struck me as valid and enlightening. The anniversary raised many profound questions, and I was thrilled to see them so widely debated. A history about which we all think the same is no history at all. If it's not worth arguing over, is it even worth commemorating?

So, get the fireworks shows prepped for 2017. But leave room for some lively debate about the meaning of the past, too! They are both precious.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

SEVEC Since 1936
EXCHANGE. EXPLORE. EXPERIENCE.

SOCIETY FOR EDUCATIONAL VISITS AND EXCHANGES IN CANADA

EXCHANGE stories, laughter and lasting friendships …

EXPLORE places in Canada you have never been …

EXPERIENCE the tastes, sounds and smells of new adventures …

TEACHERS: Why not take your history lesson beyond the classroom and see the places where Canada's history actually happened? Through Youth Exchanges Canada, SEVEC provides free travel for you and your students to discover the historical events that helped shape our country. APPLY NOW!

1-800-38-SEVEC

www.sevec.ca

YOUTH EXCHANGES CANADA

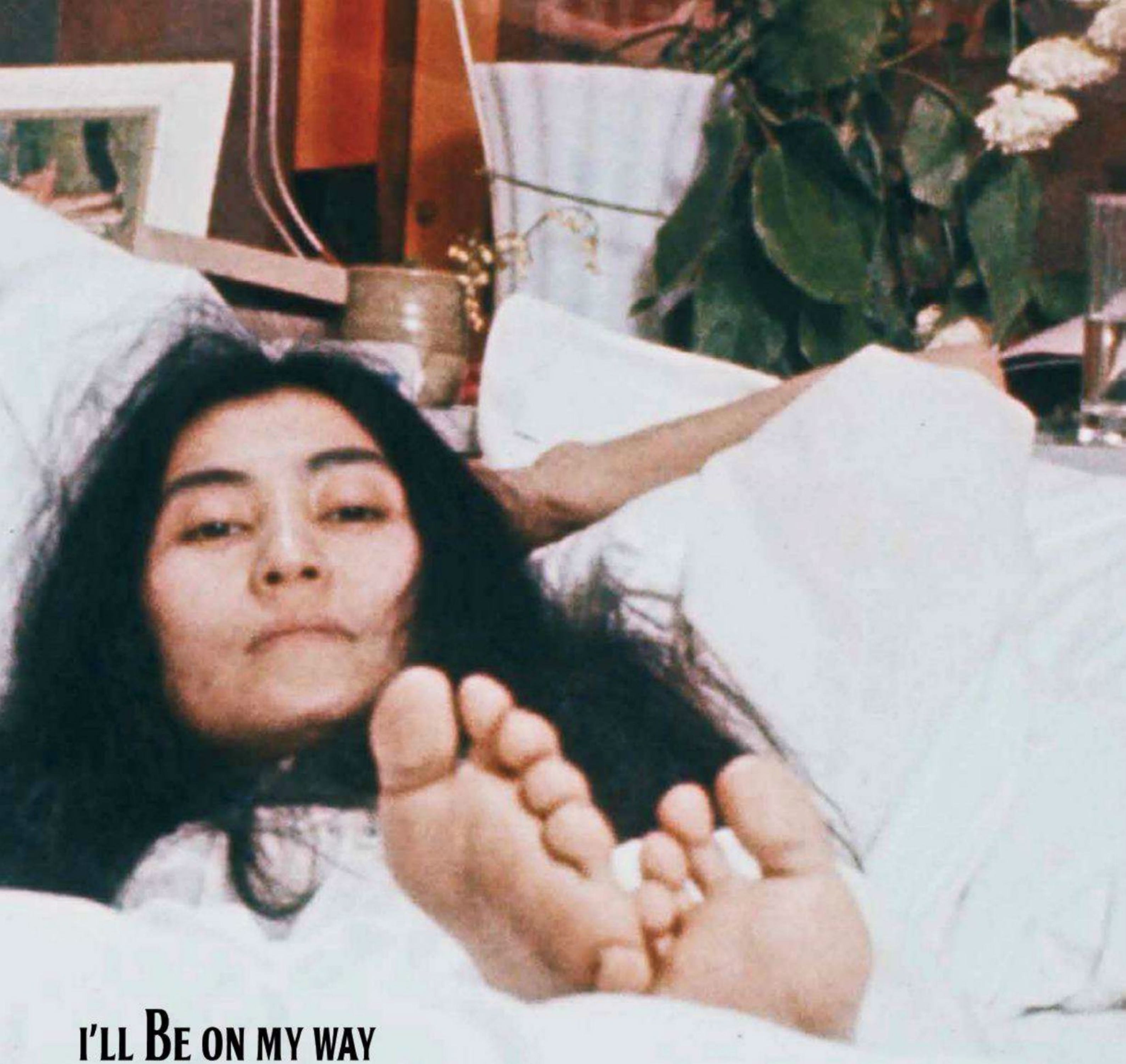
SEVEC is supported by: Canadian Heritage Patrimoine canadien Canada

ROY KERWOOD

COME TOGETHER

How a Montreal teen bluffed his way into John and Yoko's bed-in for peace.

by Mark Reid



I'LL BE ON MY WAY

Montreal. May 26, 1969. Roy Kerwood, just eighteen years old, is briskly hiking along Boulevard Dorchester. His trusty Leicaflex dangles from his shoulder as he tries, with little success, to calm his nerves. *What am I doing here? Will they even let me in?*

Suddenly, his destination appears — the Queen Elizabeth hotel. The famed CN *auberge* oozes history: Fidel Castro, the *cigarro*-loving Cuban revolutionary leader, once bunked here, as did French President Charles de Gaulle, who famously fanned the flames of separatism by standing on a balcony and declaring, "*Vive le Québec libre*!"

Now the Queen Elizabeth is about to become the epicentre of a pop-culture earthquake. Inside, John Lennon and Yoko Ono are launching their "bed-in for peace," and Kerwood is determined to be there, camera in hand, when it happens.

Rushing across the hotel lobby and into the elevator, he pauses. *Which number was it again? Seventeen-something … that's it, 1742*.

Time seems to stop as the young photographer rises through the bowels of the hotel.

Ding.

Reaching the seventeenth floor, Kerwood tentatively steps through the elevator doors — and then strides forward to meet his destiny.

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Canada in 1967 was viewed by progressives as a more sane and humane mirror of its American neighbour.

Politically, Canadians still basked in the afterglow of Trudeaumania. Pierre Trudeau's Liberals had made headlines by relaxing laws restricting divorce and homosexuality. And, with the Vietnam War deepening, increasing numbers of Americans saw Canada as a potential sanctuary; thousands of war resisters crossed the border seeking to avoid the draft. Crucially, Canada refused to send them back.

ROY KERWOOD

Inset: Photographer Roy Kerwood as a teen.

It was only natural, then, that Canada — and especially Montreal — would draw the attention of the world's most famous peace activists, John Lennon and Yoko Ono. At the time, Montreal was Canada's largest city and also its cultural capital. Two years earlier, the city had cemented its "cool cred" during the wildly successful Expo 67. The city's location — a short flight from eastern seaboard cities such as Boston and New York — also made it easily accessible to major American media outlets.

Montreal was a North American follow-up to the couple's earlier honeymoon bed-in at the Amsterdam Hilton, but the Canadian city wasn't their first choice. They had hoped to reprise the bed-in the United States, but authorities there refused them entry over a 1968 bust for marijuana possession. They also considered the Bahamas, but the Caribbean country was literally too hot for comfort and too remote for media coverage.

For a young Roy Kerwood, meanwhile, the bed-in seemed to be his first big break in a longshot bid to become a world-famous photographer. Born in England, Kerwood and his family moved to Canada in the mid-1950s. When his parents split up, he and his siblings moved with their father to Quebec.

By 1969, Kerwood was a student at the Montreal School of Modern Photography. How he came to shoot the bed-in was a combination of fate and plain old pluck. In the spring of 1969, he was handed a school assignment to photograph someone at work. He chose as a subject Roget Scott, the

Below: John Lennon and Yoko Ono meet with Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau on Parliament Hill December 23, 1969.

CANADIAN PRESS

British-born DJ at local radio station CFOX.

Scott, who was in his mid-twenties, hit it off with the young photographer. They shared many things in common, including a love of the Fab Four — which, for Kerwood, had bloomed a few years earlier.

"By the time my brother and I moved to Pointe Claire, Quebec, we had Nehru jackets, Beatle haircuts, and stovepipe pants," he said in a recent interview. "I knew every word to every Beatles song — and I could sing them. If you closed your eyes, you wouldn't have known it wasn't one of the Beatles. I had a pretty good voice, and the girls just loved it; they fell all over my brother and I."

Fast-forward to May 1969. When Kerwood heard news of Lennon's bed-in plan, his mind raced. He immediately called Roger Scott, who, it turned out, was already registered as media and planned to interview Lennon live.

Kerwood begged Scott to let him tag along — even though, as a radio station, CFOX had no need for a photographer. "I said, 'you guys have got to have pictures of this event,'" recalls Kerwood. "I said, 'It's totally cosmic — can I come and take the pictures?'"

SL
LEICAFLEX

Scott agreed, with one caveat: Kerwood would have to get his own accreditation to the event. Fortunately, Kerwood had other friends in high places. He called local fashion photographer Gerry Deiter, who had connections at Capitol Records, the Beatles' music label. A quick call to Capitol found Kerwood on the phone with a label executive, bluffing his way into the bed-in.

"I phoned him up and said I was calling from CFOX radio. I said, 'Roy Kerwood here. What time do I show up to take photos of John Lennon?'

"The guy told me when to show up, and said 'you got fifteen minutes to take your snaps.' And like that, I was in."

Above: A camera similar to the one used by Roy Kerwood to take photos of the bed-in for peace.

Below: A reporter takes notes during the bed-in for peace.

MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR

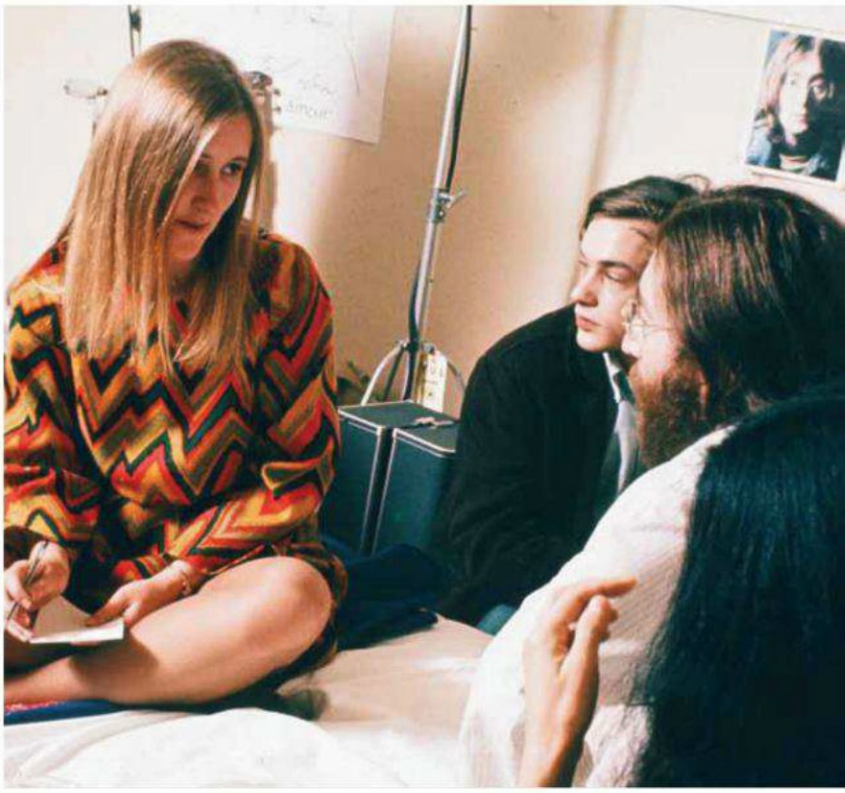
Back at the Queen Elizabeth, Kerwood enters the suite at room 1742. Lennon and Ono are wrapping up interviews with several reporters. Kerwood spots Roger Scott and his colleague, Charles Chandler, setting up for CFOX's slot. "Excited and nervous," Kerwood reaches for his camera, only to discover he's only brought *one roll of film* to the hotel.

Just moments into his big break and he's already facing disaster. Quickly borrowing a couple of dollars from Chandler, Kerwood races downstairs to buy more film. A short while later he returns, clutching several rolls. Disaster averted.

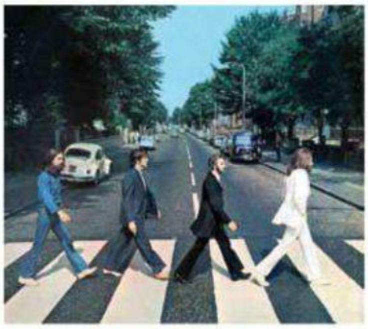
Standing there, just a few feet from his musical idol, Kerwood's dying to speak to Lennon. Finally, he blurts out a question. "I asked John the meaning of the song "Strawberry Fields Forever." He said 'Did you like the song?' I said, 'Yes I loved it.' He said 'That's what it was all about. If you liked it, that's what it was about."

With that, the ice is broken, and the next few hours are a whirlwind as visitors — both journalists and admirers — make the pilgrimage to room 1742. By around eleven o'clock in the evening, the day's events are winding down. Preparing to go, Kerwood sees Lennon's press agent, Derek Taylor. Lennon wants to see prints of Kerwood's shots. His heart pumping, Kerwood runs off to a friend's studio to develop his film. The next morning, he returns with forty black-and-white shots. Handing them to Lennon, Kerwood awaits his reaction. Lennon breaks into a grin. "They're f—ing lovely! Can you give me a copy of each? I'd like to have them."

It was Kerwood's first big sale. "He paid me ten bucks each — and in 1969 ten bucks was a lot of money," Kerwood recalls with a laugh. Kerwood asks John if he can stick around. He winds up staying for the duration of the bed-in.


ROY KERWOOD

ROY KERWOOD



THE GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY

Above: Comedian Tommy Smothers in conversation with John Lennon.

Inset: Cover of the Beatles' *Abbey Road* album.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT

By 1969, the facade of the "harmonious" Beatles had begun to fracture. Some people blamed Lennon's relationship with avant-garde artist Yoko Ono. She was certainly no stranger to controversy; one of her better-known works of performance art, *Cut Piece*, saw a kneeling Ono passively allow strangers to snip away her clothing with a pair of scissors.

The Beatles of 1969 were far removed from the fresh-faced, mop-topped lads who had played Montreal in 1964. Lennon had controversially proclaimed the Beatles to be bigger than Jesus. With his long, shoulder-length hair, Lennon in '69 actually looked the part.

Just prior to the bed-in, Lennon and his bandmates had travelled to England to record *Abbey Road*. The sessions had been tense as egos and musical ideologies clashed. At the time, Lennon was branching into musical experimentation. A year earlier, Lennon and Ono had released *Unfinished Music No. 1: Two Virgins*, an abstract album deemed unlistenable by some music critics; it was actually banned in some jurisdictions for featuring a photo of the couple totally nude on the cover.

Rightly or wrongly, Ono was — and still is — seen as the woman who "broke up the Beatles."

Kerwood's first impression of her, after meeting her in room 1742, was of a surprisingly vulnerable woman overwhelmed by the crush of attention.

"I got the feeling Yoko was a little bit scared by the whole thing — in fact, I know she was," Kerwood said. "John had to be the rock for Yoko. A one point, she threw her arms around him and said, 'Ah, God, John, why do we have to put up with all this s--t?' He said, 'Just relax, everything is going to be fine. Don't talk if you don't want to.' It was a very tender moment."

Being a performance artist, Ono was able to work through her anxiety. Throughout the event, she almost never left Lennon's side and was quick to defend both him and their shared vision of a world without war. At one point, she informed reporters that there were no longer individual artists named John Lennon or Yoko Ono, but only the couple, who would jointly produce art in the future.

During the week-long bed-in, Kerwood witnessed a menagerie of characters — reporters, celebrities, fans, hippies and activists — parade through the hotel suite. All had come to witness a pyjamas-clad Lennon hold forth on obtuse topics such as love, religion, philosophy, war, and peace.

Many luminaries of the counterculture movement made the pilgrimage to Montreal, including LSD guru Timothy Leary, beat poet Allen Ginsberg, and comedian Tommy Smothers.

"There're so many things that are etched in my mind," Kerwood recalled. "I remember [comedian] Tom Smothers; he was so funny. At one point Tommy and John were sitting there and kind of bickering with each other.

"Tommy was a bit of a conservative and a bit uptight … and John was like, 'Please, this is not about politics, this about the world, and peace.' … Eventually they started a real common understanding."

REVOLUTION

It wasn't all peace and love, though. Kerwood also witnessed the bed-in's most notorious dust-up — a vicious verbal battle between Lennon and Al Capp, creator of the comic strip *L'il Abner*.

Capp rose to fame in the 1930s and 1940s by using satire to skewer the rich and powerful. By the 1960s, though, Capp was vocally dismissive of the anti-war movement. Invited to meet Lennon in Montreal, Capp intended to show up the singer as the charlatan he believed Lennon to be.

The encounter was filmed and is today readily available on the Internet. It shows Capp entering the suite wearing a suit and tie. Lennon lies on a nearby bed with Ono. Extending his hand in greeting, Capp introduces himself as "that dreadful, Neanderthal fascist." Lennon replies by introducing himself and Ono as "those famous freaks."

Things quickly go downhill. Both men light cigarettes, probing for chinks in each other's armor. Clearly disgusted, Capp's voice drips with sarcasm. He asks Lennon whether Hitler and Churchill should simply have set aside their differences and staged a bed-in back in 1939.

"I think if Churchill and Hitler had gone in bed, a lot of people would be alive today," is Lennon's retort.

Capp challenges Lennon's choice of location for the bed-in. Why not stage it in Communist-controlled Hanoi or Peking? "I do hope you plan to make them as peaceful as these blood-crazed Canadians," Capp says wrly.

Capp then whips out a copy of the *Two Virgins* album. Holding it up to Lennon and Ono, he declares: "I think everyone owes it to the world to prove they have pubic hair, and you've done it. And I applaud you for it." He follows by alleging that the bed-in is just a crass publicity stunt aimed at making money. Lennon's press agent leaps between the two sides and orders Capp to leave.

All the while, Kerwood is there, watching in amazement. "Al Capp was a right-wing conservative man who believed absolutely in the American premise that might is right," Kerwood recalls. "I watched him with Al Capp, and Al Capp was abrasive and nasty and vindictive, and just belittling and terrible. But John kept his cool….[Capp] thought [the bed-in] was a publicity stunt. I don't think John saw it that way. It was a very simple message: Stop making war, and start making love. Certainly, in the context of the Cold War and the Vietnam War, it was an impossible message."

OVER!
IF YOU WANT IT

GETTY IMAGES

WIKIPEDIA

FLICKR

Top: John Lennon fans crowd the Toronto airport December 16, 1969.

Lower left: Cartoonist Al Capp, 1966.

Lower right: The back cover of the controversial *Two Virgins* album.

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

In Montreal, the streets were abuzz with youthful excitement. More than five hundred teens had greeted Lennon and Ono at Dorval airport for their arrival on May 26. Meanwhile, sidewalks teemed with people seeking a glimpse of their counterculture idols.

Occasionally, during lulls in the action, Kerwood would head into the streets. On one occasion, he joined Timothy Leary and his entourage during a shopping excursion to Old Montreal. Pausing at a shoe store, Leary attracted a passel of onlookers. "There was just this electricity [on the streets]. It was just surreal," Kerwood said.

On another occasion, Kerwood met a pair of starstruck Montreal girls near Mount Royal, carrying trays of flowers that spelled out "peace." He brought them back to room 1742 to introduce them to Lennon.

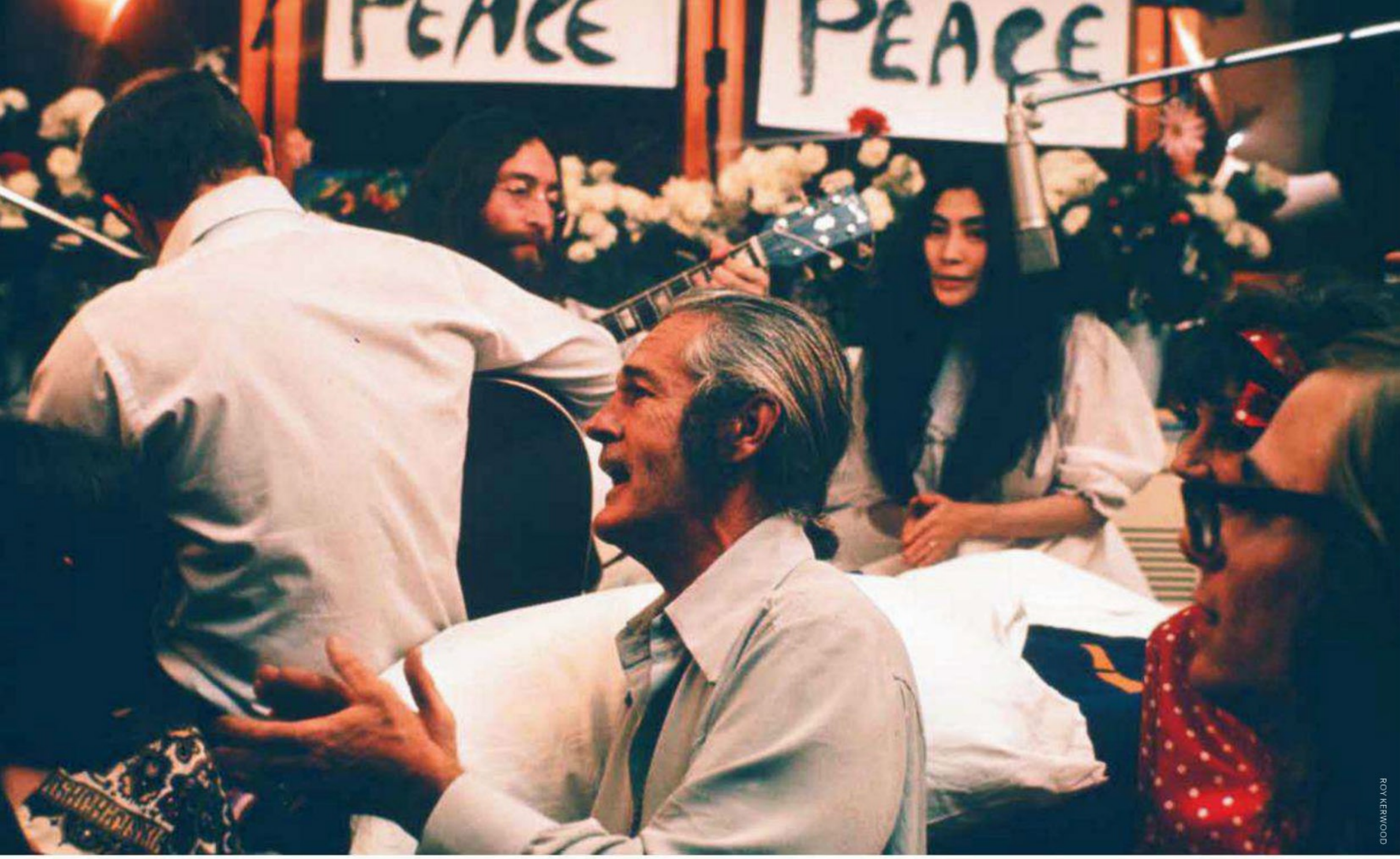
"He was just so delighted that people were sharing his message. He was so tickled that they were brought to his room to be part of this."

Kerwood was also present for the bed-in's most famous moment — the recording of "Give Peace a Chance." It was June 1, 1969, and Kerwood says his memory of the moment is still vivid decades later.

"John said, 'We've got to write a song about this'… He started writing out 'Give Peace a Chance.'

"He wrote out some lyrics: 'Everybody's talking about this-ism, that-ism, -ism –ism.'"

"For me that was icing on the cake," Kerwood recalls.



ROY KERWOOD

Above: The original recording session for "Give Peace a Chance" in Montreal, June 1, 1969. LSD advocate Timothy Leary is in the foregound clapping his hands.

Inset: Photographer Roy Kerwood today.

"To have been put in a position to be with someone you idolize, and to watch that person do the thing that you idolize him for — to see that magic happen — it was beyond words. And then, to watch that song become a worldwide anthem for people … every time it's played I get goose bumps."

HELLO, GOODBYE

And then it was over. The media left, as did the multitude of others. Finally, on June 2, 1969, it was Kerwood's turn to bid his farewells.

Kerwood still cherishes that final audience with Lennon. "I got to see John Lennon be John Lennon — no cameras, nobody in the room, just me and Derek [Taylor] and Yoko. He wasn't performing for anyone. He wasn't in his pyjamas. He wasn't being filmed. He was just John Lennon. For those few moments we were just two people together."

ROY KERWOOD

It's been forty-four years since the bed-in, an event acknowledged today as a touchstone moment for the protest generation.

At the time, though, Kerwood and the others who participated had no way of knowing its true significance. To mainstream culture, it was seen at best as odd, at worst as subversive. Even Tommy Smothers was pessimistic that anything would change as a result of it. In a documentary filmed during the event, Smothers despairs that big government will forever control the masses. Lennon seeks to reassure him he is wrong. "They're losing," Lennon says.

"No they're not, they've won," Smothers says, his voice choking with emotion. It's all too much for Ono. "No they haven't!" she cries out. "That's no reason to give up, it's even more reason to fight over it. There's no time for negative thoughts. We just say we're going to make it. We have to make it!"

The day after "Give Peace a Chance" was recorded, the *Montreal Gazette* buried its bed-in coverage on page eleven. The story focused on Smothers' reaction to the event; "Give Peace a Chance" is only mentioned in passing. Elsewhere in the newspaper, the *Gazette* featured a short editorial, titled "Embeatled Peace," that gently mocked the bed-in, while a third of a page was devoted to an angry letter from a reader, titled, "Open Letter to a Rebellious Student," which slammed the youth who were fuelling the anti-war movement.

It took time, and the untimely death of John Lennon, to change the official narrative of the bed-in. In the days following Lennon's assassination on December 8, 1980, the *Gazette* devoted its entire front page to the singer under the headline "When Lennon Came to Town." Dave Bist, a reporter who covered the bed-in for the paper in 1969, provided a retrospective.

"I was there … awed by the whole thing," Bist wrote. "After all, there was John Lennon, just feet away, bouncing around in a bed, playing his guitar and singing. Making a record, maybe even history. And I had a job to do, I'd come as a reporter, but now I was part of this event … it was magical."

From a historical perspective, it's tough to assess the true impact of the bed-in, especially since Lennon the man has become obscured by Lennon the myth in the years since his death.

In a column marking the twentieth anniversary of the murder, *New York Times* critic Allan Kozinn wrote, "just about the last thing [Lennon] wanted was for anyone to make him out as a saint…. It was not lost on him that some of his utopian notions were naive. He said as much in "Imagine," but added that if he was a dreamer, others were, too … if enough dreamers banded together the world could be changed."

Kozinn argues that, despite Capp's accusation, the bed-in wasn't an attempt by Lennon to cash in. He was already rich. Rather, Lennon saw the bed-in as a chance to use his celebrity to change public opinion. The bed-in, then, was an act of selfless self-promotion. In fact, Lennon was attempting to use society's obsession with consumerism to somehow "sell peace" to the masses. In a May 29, 1969, interview with The Canadian Press, he said, "It's all the urban squares we need to covert. All the housewives with children. We have to break down the system's propaganda machinery. The problem with the hippies and yippies is that they are snobbish, they don't want to talk to squares."

Given this, one wonders what Lennon would think of the cottage industry that has grown up around all things bed-in related. In recent years, Lennon's hand-written lyrics for "Give Peace a Chance" have sold at auction for more than $830,000; a sign declaring "Bed Peace" that figures prominently in photos of the event fetched almost $160,000. Meanwhile, the Queen Elizabeth Hotel today offers a "Bed-In for Peace" package. For only $799 per night (taxes and gratuities not included) visitors can enjoy a night in the "John and Yoko Suite" along with breakfast in bed and a souvenir copy of the *Give Peace a Chance* album.

For her part, Ono, now eighty years old, is realistic as she looks back on the impact of the event: "John and I thought our bed-in for peace would transform things — we weren't patient at all," Ono told *O, The Oprah Magazine* in 2012.

"But now I know that you have to be. You can't always measure the effects of activist work; you just have to wish and pray that the message gets through. Luckily, I think most people are activists now — it's a very beautiful age, when we're starting to become more aware that we have to work together to make things better."

Today, Roy Kerwood is a sixty-something computer tech support expert living in British Columbia. While the bed-in did open doors early in his career, he says he eventually grew disillusioned by the business side of photography. One day, he simply quit to take up a career in electronics, and later, computers. All the while, though, he hoped to someday reconnect with Lennon. Of course, Lennon's murder dashed that dream.

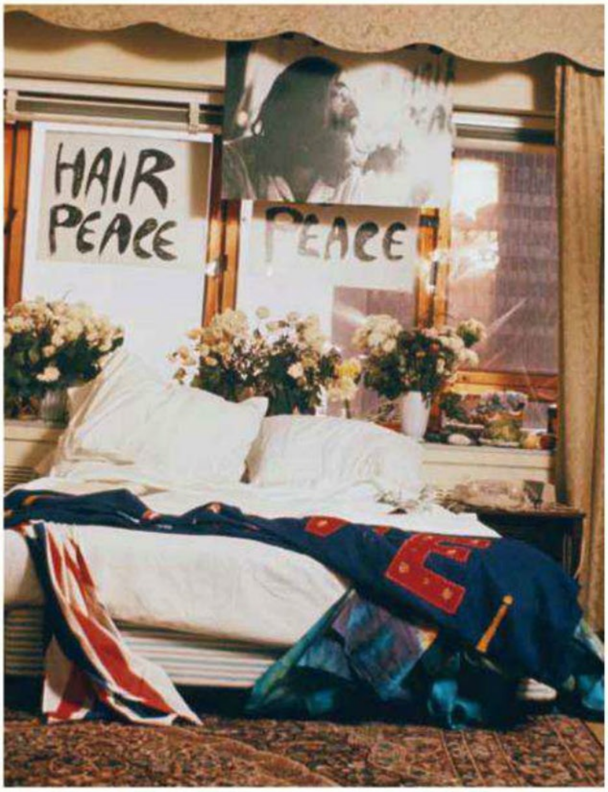
"I remember being terribly saddened that I had lost a friend, a friend that I cared about," he says, recalling the day of Lennon's death. "There was always a part of me that hoped to reconnect with John — to find that place we had established, that friendship and rapport. The moment I heard that he had died, I knew there was never going to be that possibility."

While Kerwood will forever remember his role in the bed-in, for the rest of us it's easy to forget that the event was part of Canadian history. Thanks to a sort of historical amnesia, we all instantly recognize images from the bed-in but fail to realize that they are Canadian images or that Montreal played a starring role. Perhaps only in Canada could Lennon and Ono have pulled it off successfully.

One thing is clear: For a brief seven days in May in 1969, the eyes of the world were focused on Montreal. And in room 1742 of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, lives were forever changed — including Roy Kerwood's.

"I've bought lottery tickets on and off for the past forty-five years, but having been in that room, and taken the pictures I took, I [feel like I've] won the lottery," he says. "Out of the billion people who lived on the planet in 1969, I was one of [a few] who were in that room.

"That it was in Montreal was just magic. [As for me], I was absolutely certain this is what I had to do. I was destined to meet John Lennon. I would be there, taking pictures."



The bed is empty as John Lennon and Yoko Ono take a shower break during their bed-in for peace at the Queen Elizabeth hotel in Montreal.

ROY KERWOOD

Montreal-born artist Claire Fauteux, circa 1925.

PRISONER OF PARIS

Claire Fauteux left Canada for France to pursue life as a painter, never thinking she would sketch her most memorable portraits as a prisoner of the Nazis after the fall of Paris. by Ray Argyle

Her artist's eye caught the tired look in the eyes of the young soldiers. They were among the elite of the German occupation forces, chosen for a ceremonial role on the day the Nazis occupied Paris.

THE GRANGER COLLECTION, NEW YORK CITY

German soldiers march down the Champs-Élysées in Paris on June 14, 1940, signalling the start of the occupation of France.

Peering through an open shutter of her ground-floor apartment on leafy rue Molitor, Claire Fauteux watched uneasily as two hundred fair-headed German cavalry troops, their horses' backs covered with handsome leopard skins, rode past her window on their way to the Arc de Triomphe. Her artist's eye caught the tired look in the eyes of the young soldiers. They were among the elite of the German occupation forces, chosen for a ceremonial role on the day the Nazis occupied Paris. It was June 14, 1940, and for the Montreal painter, left behind when the Canadian Embassy abandoned the capital, it came as a shock to realize she was now a prisoner of her beloved Paris.

After nearly twenty years in France, Fauteux felt almost more French than Canadian, and the sight of the German troops left her desolate. A few days before their arrival, she had told the Canadian minister to France, Colonel Georges Vanier, that she might be going out of the city for a few days. When she returned to work, she found the embassy empty and an American flag flying over the building. A truck appeared from out of nowhere, and on it rode an embassy employee and his wife. Hoping to escape with the pair, Fauteux dashed across the Tuileries Garden to withdraw cash from the Banque Canadienne while the truck driver left to look for gas. She found the bank closed, and, by the time she got back, the truck had left.

As Fauteux wandered about Paris, she saw crowds of people, many with handcarts filled with everything from mattresses to birdcages, struggling to escape the city. Her apartment on rue Molitor, in the well-to-do suburb of Auteuil in the 16th Arrondissement, was tucked halfway between Place du Trocadéro near the Eiffel Tower and the sprawling parkland of the Bois de Boulogne. It now became her refuge as the Germans entered the city.

When Fauteux ventured out in the days that followed, she found posters warning that, under pain of death, Parisians were to declare the presence of any Britons or Canadians. She wandered into Notre Dame Cathedral, where she was horrified by the sight of a swastika flag flying from a tower. German officers, resplendent in their uniforms, stalked the aisles, looking for loot. Returning home, she found the Germans had commandeered the school across the street as a barracks, and it was there that she went to identify herself.

"Do not fear," a German officer told her a few days later. "We have not come to arrest you." He added, in an unhappy voice, as a German love song blared from a loudspeaker, "Today we sing, for tomorrow we die." Fauteux thought he

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA/E00441693

must have been referring to the intended invasion of England. His orders to her were firm: She was not to travel outside the city. She was truly a prisoner of Paris.

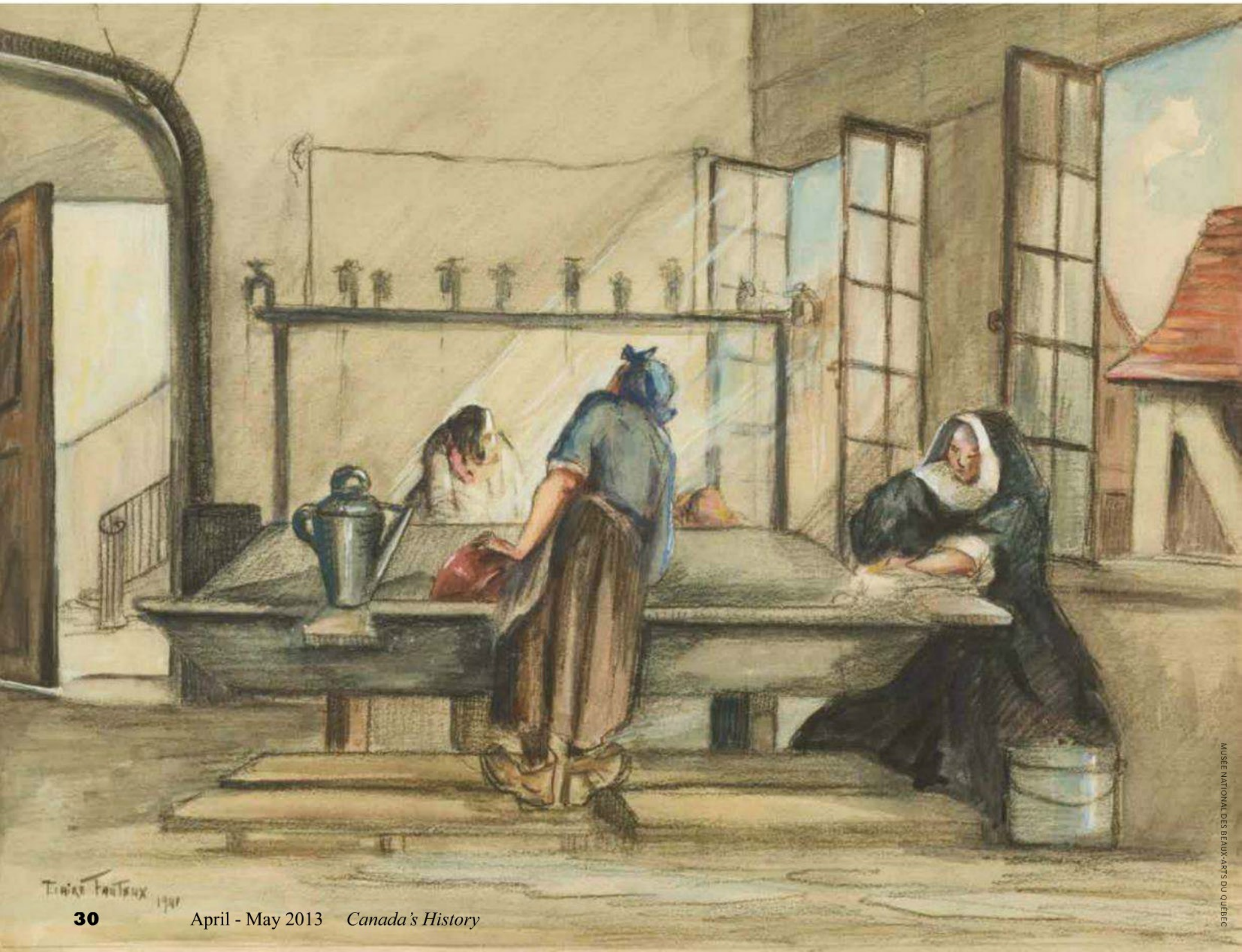
Over the next few months, Fauteux struggled like all Parisians to cope with the German occupation. She was thankful for the financial assistance offered by the American Embassy, which functioned because the United States was still neutral at the time. But the Germans were everywhere, buying up everything in the shops and plundering art galleries and the homes of the wealthy. Fauteux watched moving vans carry loads of art and furniture from the nearby mansions of the Rothschilds, the powerful Jewish banking family. A train went by, filled with goods; along the side of one of its boxcars was written, in chalk, "A gift from the French people to the people of Germany."

Fauteux lived in a state of high anxiety, always fearful of what the next day would bring. On the morning of December 5, 1940, her doorbell sounded at seven thirty. She let it buzz for two minutes before daring to answer. Two members of the French constabulary — working under the orders of the Gestapo — crowded into her foyer. They told her she had fifteen minutes to pack. But where were they taking her?

Like thousands of painters, writers, and assorted adventurers, Fauteux had been part of the artistic explosion that celebrated Paris as the cultural centre of the world in the years between the wars. She had arrived with her childhood friend Emily Coonan, who had been a driving force behind the Beaver Hall Group of women artists back in Montreal. After travels in Belgium and Italy, Fauteux enrolled at the Académie Julian, following in the footsteps of such masters as Henri Matisse. She soon became well-known in Parisian art life and exhibited her work at such prestigious galleries as the Galerie de Marsan, where she showed forty canvases in 1924. A landscape from this show, *Golden Autumn*, was purchased by the Quebec government.

Marie Claire Christine Fauteux was reared in a comfortable and very Catholic Québécois home. Her maternal grandfather, Jean-Antoine Panet, had been the first Speaker of the Legislative Assembly for Lower Canada; a distant relative, Jean-Antoine Aide-Créquy (1749–1780), was one of Quebec's first Canadian-born painters.

Fauteux began her artistic studies in 1907. She was seventeen and had been schooled in an Ursuline convent when she enrolled at the Art Association of Montreal. Her first



***La Lavoir, Besançon* by Claire Fauteux shows women internees doing laundry in 1941.**

MUSÉE NATIONAL DES BEAUX-ARTS DU QUÉBEC

public exhibition came five years later when she entered several paintings in competition with Princess Patricia, who was the daughter of Governor General Prince Arthur, the Duke of Connaught, and the granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Montreal was then Canada's richest city and, as the *Montreal Daily Witness* noted, "No more certain indication of the growing wealth of Canada's citizens could be given, as pictures cannot be sold where there is not money to buy them and leisure for people to cultivate a taste for fine arts."

Fauteux's skill in watercolours and oils was soon recognized. In 1913, she won a scholarship from the Women's Art Society of Montreal to study at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts. She painted landscapes, still lifes, and portraits and exhibited in a variety of shows, including the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, in Montreal and Toronto. "The name of Claire Fauteux, a French-Canadian painter, is new to me," the reviewer for Toronto's *Saturday Night* wrote of the 1921 RCA show. "Her decorative fantasy, *Forest Nymphs*, is not only gracious and delicate, but firm in handling."

After teaching art at a Catholic girls school in New York, Fauteux, now thirty, fulfilled her dream of moving to Paris in 1921. She financed her trip with another bursary from the society, worth three thousand dollars over three years. She returned to Canada from time to time but, enchanted by Paris and the rich appreciation of the French for the artistic life, she had no doubt about where she wanted to live. She was, however, uncertain as to how she would support herself. A grant from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs helped for a time, and, after an unsatisfying spell working in Rome, she decided to again try her luck in Paris.

Finally, in 1927, she found a job with the Public Archives of Canada that would keep her in France. For the next eleven years she documented the activities of Canadians in Paris, often working with the well-known Quebec painter Henri Beau, who was also employed by the archives. She had her work shown at the Ainslie Gallery in New York and made occasional visits home, exhibiting at the Art Association of Montreal.

The provincialism of the Canadian art scene repelled her. The *Montreal Gazette*

WHY FRANCE FELL

On May 10, 1940, Hitler's army began its strategic invasion of France through Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands. Precisely one month later, the French government abandoned Paris, and on June 14 a flag emblazoned with a swastika flew atop the Eiffel Tower.

Germany was able to defeat the Allies in France fairly quickly, despite the fact that both sides were evenly matched. The Allies, however, were unprepared for Germany's willingness to take huge tactical risks. This willingness paid off favourably for the Nazis in two decisive battles:

THE BATTLE OF FORT EBEN-EMAEL

One of the most crucial areas for Belgian defence was the supposedly impregnable fortress of Eben-Emael, situated in northeast Belgium and overlooking three important bridges.

On the morning of May 10, 1940, more than three hundred and fifty elite German infantrymen landed near the three bridges and on the roof of Fort Eben-Emael. The German troops came down silently in gliders and were armed with a new weapon — shoulder-fired explosives known as shaped charges, which could pierce thick metal and concrete.

The battle was the first time either gliders or shaped charges were used in warfare.

In less than an hour, German forces had taken the fort, giving them control over the bridges that led toward central Belgium. But Germany's invasion of Belgium was only a diversion for another attack — one that would ultimately result in the fall of France.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN

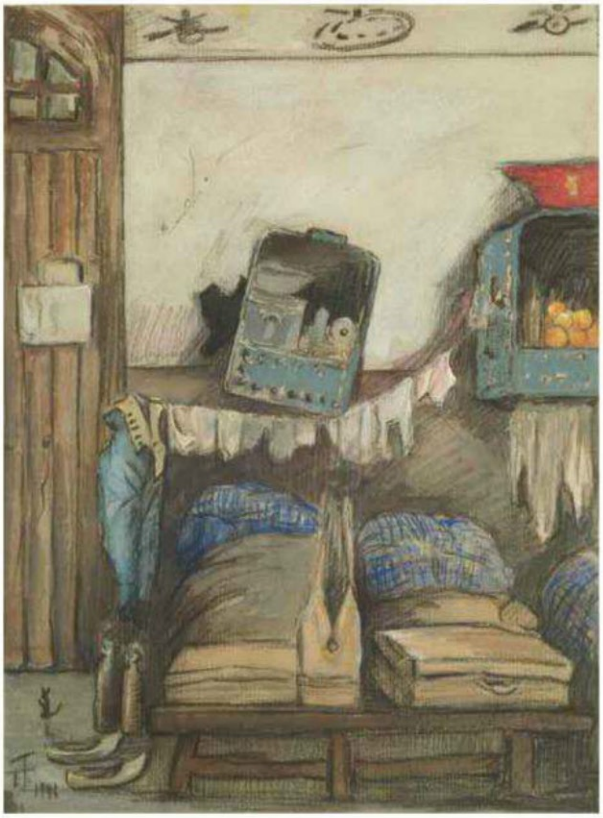
As the Allies battled Germany in central Belgium, a second German force was moving secretly through the Ardennes, a hilly and densely forested region at the junction of Belgium, Luxembourg, and France. Germany's plan was to cut through the Ardennes and secure Sedan in northern France. This would give the Germans a place to cross the Meuse River, allowing them to move deep into France and toward the English Channel.

The Allies had left the Ardennes lightly defended because they deemed the area impregnable — they didn't think Hitler would risk moving his troops on the region's single road. All twelve hundred German tanks and 134,000 soldiers had to travel single file, making them an easy target for Allied bombers. But, just as Hitler had anticipated, most of the Allied bombers had been dispatched to northern Belgium.

The German tanks arrived on the outskirts of Sedan on the night of May 12. They were joined by about a thousand dive-bombers, which proceeded to attack French forces continuously for eight hours. By the end of the next day, the Germans had crossed the Meuse in three places and had begun to build bridges large enough to support tanks. By the time the French launched a significant counterattack, several German divisions of panzer tanks were already pushing northwest across France toward the English Channel.

On May 28, Belgium surrendered, forcing 350,000 British and French forces back to Britain across the English Channel. The Germans then turned their attention to a weak and demoralized France. On June 22, Adolf Hitler arrived in Compiègne to accept the French surrender.

— Mark Schram



***Chambre 96 B, Besançon*, created by Claire Fauteux in 1941 when she was interned by the Nazis.**

MUSÉE NATIONAL DES BEAUX-ARTS DU QUÉBEC

perhaps reflected her view when it declared of a 1929 Montreal art show that featured more than four hundred works by scores of Canadian artists that “there is nothing to puzzle or shock in the exhibits.” The review went on to say, “the paintings are conservative, although there are a few examples of the so-called advanced type.”

As the Depression deepened in Canada, a shortage of government funding in 1938 cost Fauteux her job at Public Archives. The Canadian Embassy came to her rescue, hiring her as an archivist, and it was there that she was working when France fell to the Nazi blitzkrieg.

The police who arrested Fauteux took her to the east Paris train station, Gare de l’Est, that December morning. She waited all day on the platform, along with several hundred others, including some sixty children, for a train that would take them to a former prisoner of war camp in the small town of Besançon, near the Swiss border. She saw German troops behave brutally, beating and kicking an English woman who had gotten off the train without permission. A husband rushed frantically into the station looking for his wife, who with her newborn baby had been taken from their home in his absence. Fauteux later learned that both the woman and the infant died in the prison camp.

A long night on the train ended at Besançon, where fifty armed men, a Gestapo squad, and a few officers were on hand to put everyone on Red Cross buses for transportation to the camp. Fauteux would never forget the sight of a Hindu gentleman dressed in an apple-green satin suit with bouffant trousers, the costume he wore to serve coffee at the famed Café Maxime in Paris. He’d not been given time to change.

At the camp, Fauteux struggled with other women for possession of a straw mattress, which she won and hauled up to the third floor. She settled into a makeshift dormitory and was soon assigned various jobs, including peeling potatoes and tending stoves, between waiting for Red Cross parcels. Every day at eleven o’clock she lined up outside the kitchen, a pail in hand, for soup or whatever was being offered, which she would then carry up three flights to her dormitory. There, her roommates would crowd around with their plates, anxious for whatever scraps she had collected.

Because she had managed to pack a few pencils and drawing paper, Fauteux was able to resume sketching and, over the next six months, made several dozen drawings of life in the camp. One of her best sketches was of a group of women peeling potatoes, from which she painted a memorable watercolour.

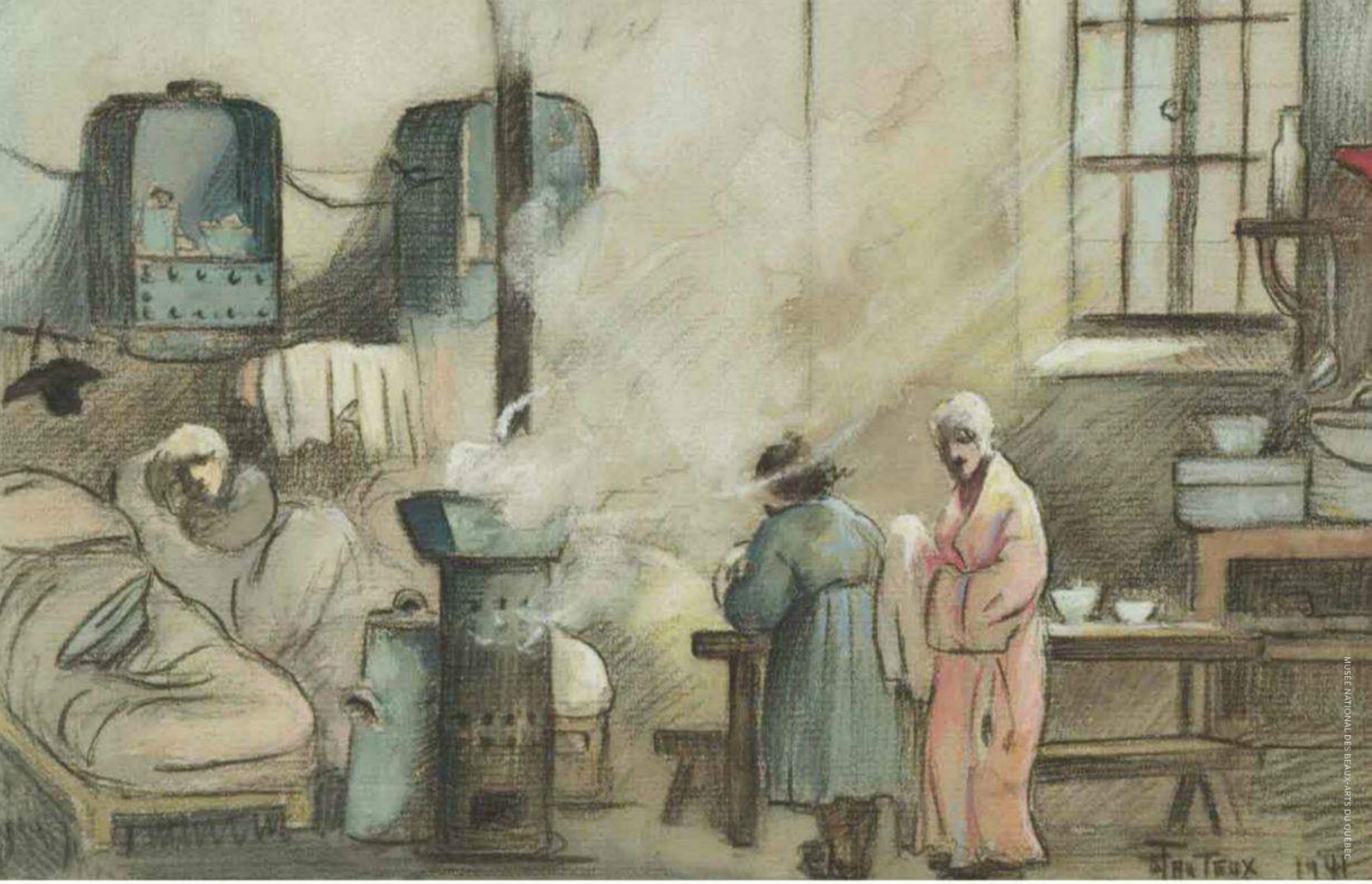
On May 1, 1941, the six hundred inmates were told they were being moved to more comfortable quarters at the Grand Hotel in Vittel, a tiny village in the Vosges Mountains. While their treatment in Besançon had never approached that meted out in notorious German and Polish concentration camps, they were relieved to be assigned to rooms with proper beds and clean sheets, even though they lacked heat and running water. One morning, Fauteux thought she had been awakened by the sound of a cuckoo clock. The noise was that of a real cuckoo bird in a tree outside Room 315, which she shared with three others.

After a month, Fauteux heard the hotel loudspeaker blare out the names of several Canadians, herself included, who were to be allowed to return to Paris. Excited, she worried about how to smuggle out her sketches. She decided to hide them beneath a woollen skirt sewn under the lining of a large leather bag. The guards took everything out of the bag but did not discover the sketches. Nuns who had been imprisoned with her lost their prayer beads and other religious artifacts.

When Fauteux arrived back in Paris, she thought it aptly fit the description the Germans had given it — “the blind city — for the “city of light” was now in blackout. Her apartment was untouched, with everything in place just as she had left it, except for a thick layer of dust.

For another three years, the Canadian artist was a prisoner of Paris, allowed to live on her own but subject always to Nazi scrutiny. She took a job at her neighbourhood *épicerie* and three times a week visited the old Paris marketplace, Les Halles, for supplies. Little was to be had. Fauteux watched German soldiers confront farmers at their stalls and force them to hand over rations intended for the Parisians.

The arrogance of the occupiers dwindled after the Allied invasion of June 6, 1944, and by August Paris was ready to revolt. German civilians fled in panic, crowding the Gare de l’Est; they were not happy about leaving behind the loot they had collected over the previous four years. Railway workers, followed by the police, went on strike, and armed battles broke out as Parisians prepared themselves for the arrival of the Allies and their own Free French forces under General Charles de Gaulle. Barricades were thrown up to block German tanks.



MUSÉE NATIONAL DES BEAUX-ARTS DU QUÉBEC

Claire Fauteux's *Corveee de vaisselle, Besançon* depicts women prisoners lined up to bathe at an internment camp in Eastern France in 1941.

Claire Fauteux never again lived in Paris. Back in Montreal, she resumed painting and made many trips to Quebec's Gaspé region and the Saguenay. Her work sold well at exhibitions.

Fauteux, now fifty-four years old, found herself stacking sandbags atop a hastily arranged barricade. On August 25, the day of the city's liberation, she was caught in a firefight near the headquarters of the Gestapo. She watched as a young French soldier raised his head from the turret of a tank of the French 2nd Armoured Division. As she climbed onto the tank to shake his hand, she heard two shots and saw the young man fall in front of her, blood pouring from his mouth. She ran for cover.

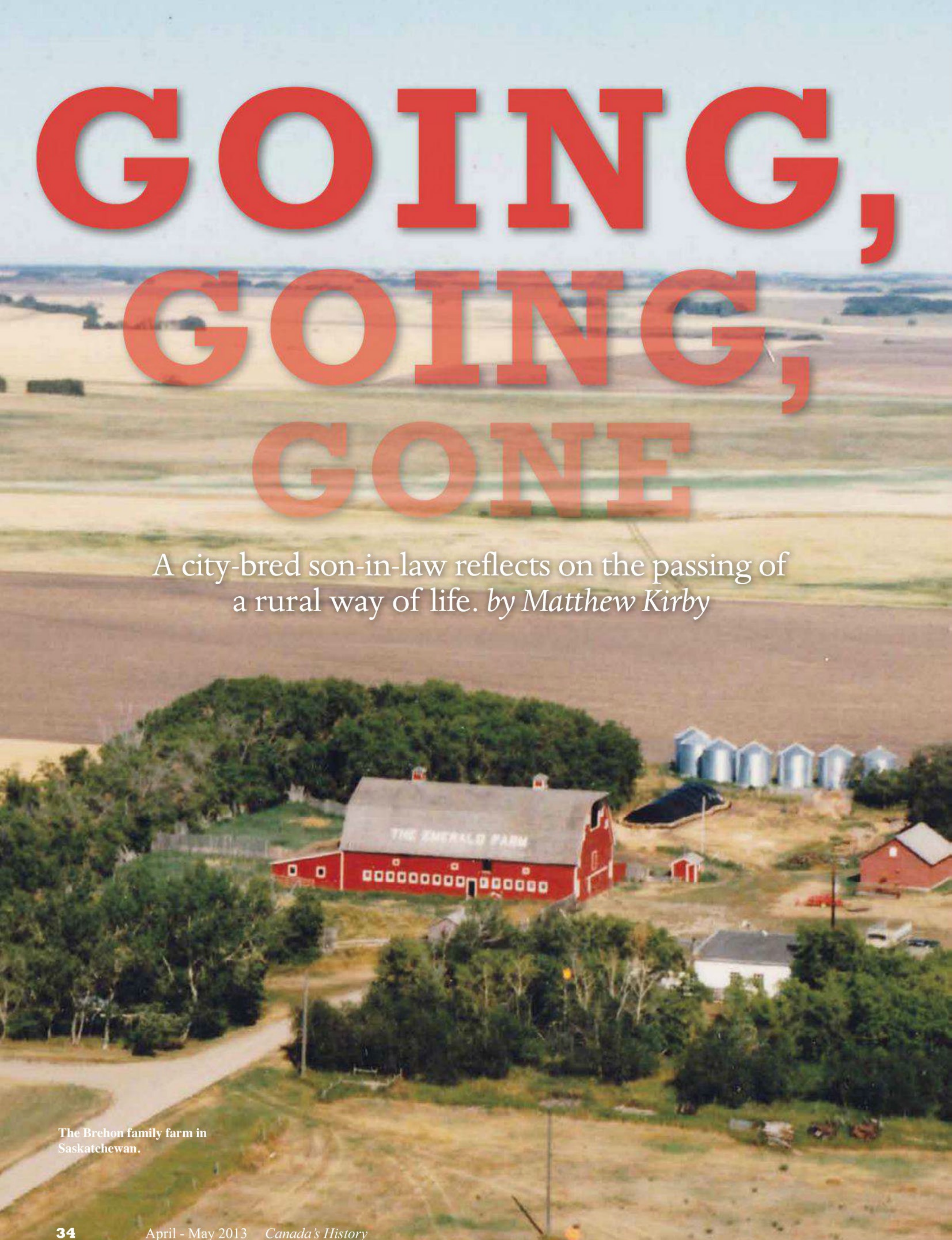
Fauteux had an unexpected visitor the next morning. It was Madame Pauline Vanier, wife of Canadian diplomat Georges Vanier. Pauline Vanier sent food parcels and arranged for Fauteux's return to Canada. Late in November she was flown to London and travelled by train to Greenock, Scotland, where she boarded the *Aquitania* and sailed for New York.

Claire Fauteux never again lived in Paris. Back in Montreal, she resumed painting and made many trips to Quebec's Gaspé region and the Saguenay. Her work sold well at exhibitions. In 1947, she was included in the Femina exhibit of French artists in Montréal. The same year she joined the École des beaux-arts de Montreal, rising to a professorship. A book she wrote about her wartime experiences, *Fantastic Interlude*, was published in New York in 1961. It included sketches she made while in the Besançon prison camp and in Paris.

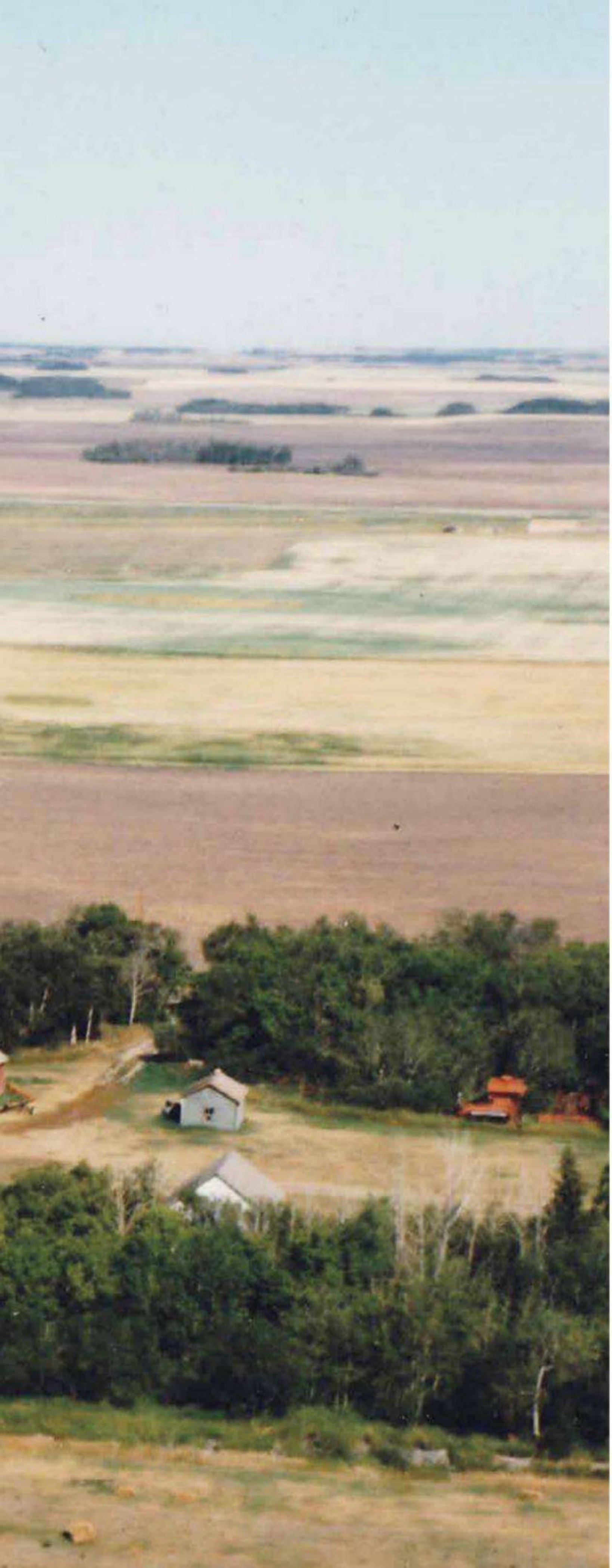
In her later years, she lived quietly in Montreal, seldom recognized either for her wartime courage or her painting achievement. Little is known of her personal or romantic life. Her landscapes rivalled the works of the Group of Seven, and several found their way into the private collections of Montreal's English elite. With her exposure largely confined to the inward-looking colony of Quebec painters, she had no more exhibitions in Toronto or New York. Her career interrupted by her years as a prisoner of Paris, she never in her lifetime achieved the fame that might have been hers. Claire Fauteux lived to the age of ninety-seven, dying on July 8, 1988.

GOING, GOING, GONE

A city-bred son-in-law reflects on the passing of a rural way of life. *by Matthew Kirby*



The Brehon family farm in Saskatchewan.



CURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

The auctioneer's chant rolls across my in-laws' Saskatchewan farmyard in a steady, unbroken cadence: *"What am I bid, what am I bid, what am I bid?"*

There are four auctioneers in total, all men. Two take turns with the farm and its equipment; two take care of the household goods. These men are good at what they do. Perched in custom-built boxes atop Ford 350s, they smoothly assess the crowd as the lots come up. The auctioneers' helpers move amongst the onlookers, scanning for potential buyers. At just the right moment, the chief auctioneer launches into yet another round of encouraging the highest bidder, his voice vibrating into a single stream of consciousness:

"Who wants to join in on the bidding on this International grain truck? Five thousand to bid. Yeoh! Now fifty-five hundred to go. Yeoh! Now six thousand to bid. Yeoh! Sold to buyer one four nine — six thousand dollars straight. He'll enjoy that one."

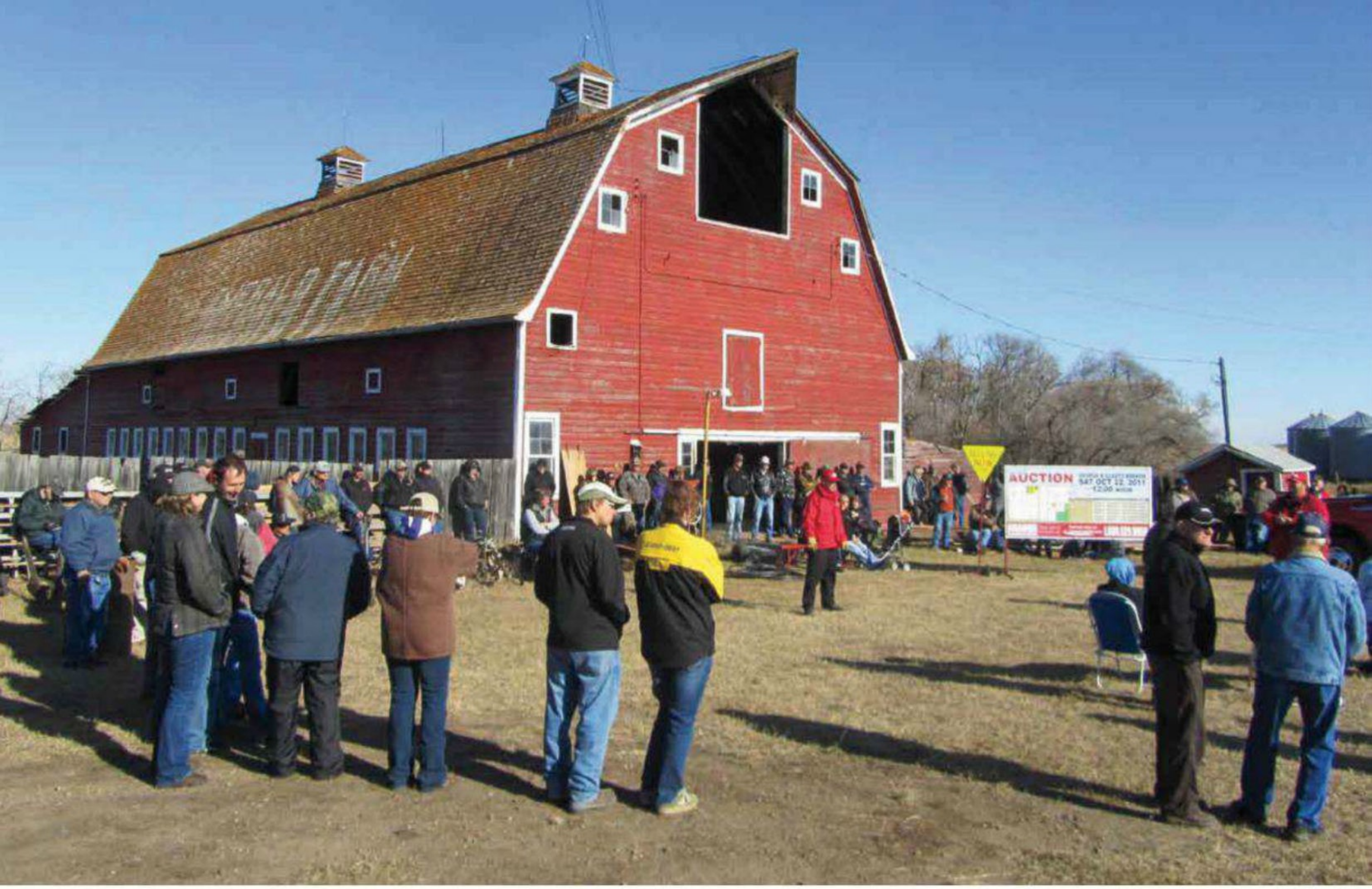
I, the city-bred son-in-law, am still uncertain of rural rhythms after a quarter century of visits to the farm my wife grew up on. The auction is exciting, yet I feel a deep melancholy. Feeling the need to escape the action for awhile, I take refuge in the barn, which sits empty for the first time since it was built in 1917. The barn still smells of cattle, even though the last animal was sold off in 1999. A smattering of ancient feed oats remains in one of the feed troughs. The stale fragrance of saddles and leather accoutrements, including a harness for a horse-drawn wagon, lingers in the air.

I know in my head that my parents-in-law — George and Gladys Brehon — have made the right decision to leave the farm. Both are eighty-six. George has recently had two major surgeries. It's becoming increasingly difficult to keep the farm up, he tells me. But my heart yearns for them to keep going, for I love the farm with all my heart.

As I stand in the empty barn, perhaps for the last time, I hear the auctioneer make a pitch for a piece of farm equipment — *"George is going to run this for us right now … hasn't used it very much … two hydraulics brand new."* — and I think back on what I have learned about the farm and its history.

George's father, Alex Brehon, established the farm at the turn of the twentieth century. Alex and two of his brothers had been sent to Canada from Ireland by their family in the hope that they would escape the ravages of tuberculosis, which was then at epidemic levels. In 1902, Alex took out a homestead claim at a location between Saskatoon and North Battleford. On the map, the property is Southwest Section 24 Township 42 Range 12 West of the Third Meridian — SW24-T42-R12-W3 for short — near the village of Maymont. Alex named the homestead the Emerald Farm, to remind him of his Irish birthplace.

In 1911, Alex married local schoolteacher Annie Alicia Arkley. They built a white-and-green clapboard home and settled in to raise five children. George was the youngest.



Potential buyers gather at the Brehon family farm on auction day in October 2011.

Tragically, the tuberculosis infection to which Alex had been exposed in Ireland became active, and he succumbed to the disease in 1936. George was eleven. The family continued to run the farm. One of Geroge's older brothers, Colles, eventually left to establish his own farm. A second brother, Dick, followed a few years later to settle in North Battleford. Sisters Lilah and Muriel went on to become teachers, and George became the sole owner of the farm.

Six kilometres down the road from the Emerald Farm, Gladys Parker was following the trajectory of her own life. Also raised on a farm, Gladys had nine siblings and, like George, received most of her formal education at a one-room schoolhouse. Despite their proximity, the Parkers and the Brehons did not know each other well. Six kilometres was a fair distance in the 1930s, and the children attended different schools.

Eventually, George and Gladys got to know each other, and by 1952 they were married. They built their own house on the home quarter, with a split-level addition added in 1963. Together they raised four children. All were encouraged to go to college or university. Perhaps the parents hoped that at least one child would take over the farm. But none did.

My wife, Leslie, the eldest, is a nurse and a teacher. I am also a teacher. Leslie's brothers, Garth and Kevin, are engineers. It's true that the "boys" often went to the farm to help with seeding and harvesting. There was even talk of having an extended family farm. But ultimately, Garth tells me, the farm would have to have been much bigger in order to support more than one family. Thus, most of their adult lives, and those of their children, have unfolded in the city.

Of the four siblings, only one is a farmer. Maureen farms with her husband on land only about ten kilometres away from the Brehon farm. But they have their hands full, for their sons, too, are working in the city.

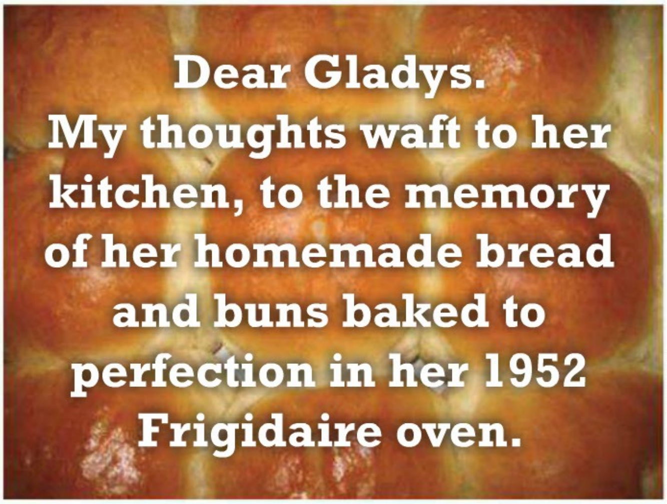
The Emerald Farm, therefore, must go.

On the morning of auction day, a cold, raw, late-October rain swept in and drenched everything in twenty minutes. The family rushed about throwing tarps over sale items. Those included a flatbed piled with mattresses and bed frames, boxes of magazines such as *Popular Woodworking* and *Patchwork Quilts*, children's books, games, and vinyl albums — *Tea for the Tillerman*, anyone? There are also ranks of pickling bottles that will remain unsold. Is no one pickling anymore? The bottles are ultimately given to a lady for a token fifty cents, for everything must go. This is downsizing at its most elemental.

Some things are inexplicably in demand. The New World Standard Series DLE cream separator, still gleaming, is a coveted prize, going for a hundred and fifty dollars as a lawn ornament. Even the 1970s-era photocopier — which almost broke me when I helped carry it out of the basement room — goes quickly. And an inch-thick steel plate sells surprisingly well. Then the rain vanishes and the sun comes out to stay. There is still a cold wind, though. It cuts into us all.

"Case 970 advertised with front-end loader, you betcha, tires on back in almost perfect condition."

Though the auctioning did not begin till ten o'clock in the morning, the crowd began gathering at half past eight. There are old men present, but it is difficult to tell how old they are. Crow's feet and a few days growth of beard seem to adorn young and old men alike. The average age looks to be around fifty. Everyone slumps in their jackets, bracing against the wind. The men wear baseball caps emblazoned with farm equipment logos or extolling the virtues of the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. There is only one cowboy hat in the crowd — the man wearing it is probably visiting from Alberta. Or maybe he is from Sonningdale, a hamlet just across the North Saskatchewan River, yet seemingly a world away. The rest are probably locals from the RM of Mayfield — rural municipality to us city folk.



Dear Gladys. My thoughts waft to her kitchen, to the memory of her homemade bread and buns baked to perfection in her 1952 Frigidaire oven.

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

Most of the men are here for the bigger items — trucks, tractors, and parcels of land. They are clad in green or blue coveralls, tan-coloured jackets, and jeans of every shade. They're wearing workboots or running shoes; it's impossible to gauge who's got money and who doesn't. Everyone's money is good for a bidding number. With a small nod, a tiny hand motion, or an upraised finger, they make their intentions known.

I make my way over to the household goods section, where Gladys is chatting with friends and relatives. After months of preparation and hard work, when I asked her how she was feeling, she said, "Relieved — and pleased to let the auctioneers do their job."

"The kitchen cupboard is gone for fifteen dollars. Forty dollars takes the dresser. Five bucks on that blue table. You bought it, ma'am, for two dollars."

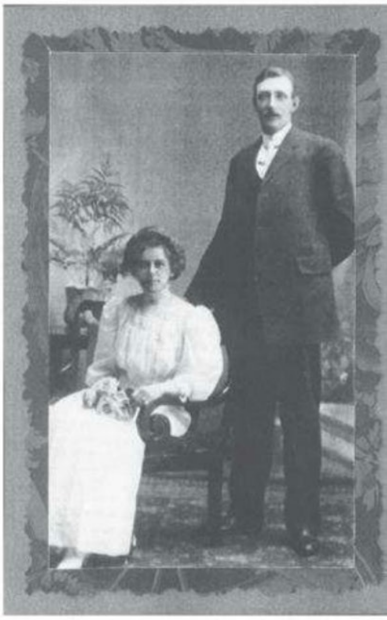
I can only imagine what thoughts are going through Gladys's mind. She has said that her fondest memories are of special family meals and events, of Christmastime, with a big turkey and all the fixins', and of harvest time, after the field crops and vegetables were safely stored, and the garden-grown pumpkins were distributed amongst the grandkids for carving into jack-o'-lanterns.

Dear Gladys. My thoughts waft to her kitchen, to the memory of her homemade bread and buns baked to perfection in her 1952 Frigidaire oven, an appliance bought new the year of her wedding and still ticking along today. To walk into Gladys's kitchen at baking time was to walk into the fragrance of home — it enfolds you and holds you. It is in that domain that Gladys has made countless meals, great and small, for family, for hired men, and for crowds of friends and extended family.

The rest of Gladys's gentle home also takes you into its embrace, with her exquisite needlepoint scenes of birds and flowers, her knitted rugs spread welcomingly in front of the living room rocking chair, couch, and La-Z-Boy, each with their own afghan blanket, and her patchwork quilts on all of the beds. The latter are the work of her hands, done in the company of the Maymont Quilters, a group of dedicated ladies, all now in their eighties and nineties, who have been getting together since the Second World War. When the first war bride arrived in the village in 1946, she received a quilt as a bridal shower gift. Since then, it's been a tradition for new brides in the community to receive a quilt handmade by the ladies.

Gladys's beautiful garden, too, is home, with its leafy rows of spuds and raspberry canes. During my visits over the years, I tried to earn my keep by picking endless buckets of berries, then going on cutworm patrol to protect my favourites — the beets — as well as the rhubarb, carrots, peas, and corn. Everything was either eaten fresh, made into heavenly jams and pies, bottled for the winter, or carried six metres down into the root cellar — or, as it was more aptly called, the potato pit.

Schoolteacher Annie Arkley and farmer Alex Brehon on their wedding day, February 28, 1911.



COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

As accomplished as she is, where Gladys really shines is in her ageless interaction with the young. Not many grandmas I know can chase down their eight-year-old grandson on a gravel road on the fly, in a foot of snow — and in her snowsuit, to boot.

"Fifteen, fifteen, fifteen, fifteen thousand, thank you, now twenty thousand...."

The day before the auction, I had walked around the home and its neat, immaculately mown yard. I had reflected on how the outdoors is always alive, with its own music, never silent, whatever the season. Years ago, I loved reading W.O. Mitchell's classic novel *Who Has Seen The Wind*, about life growing up on the Saskatchewan prairie. I might not actually have seen the wind, but I could hear it roaring in my ears, could hear the rustling and sighing of the poplars.

On my walk, I hear the crunch of gravel as a pickup truck flies by on the grid road, throwing up a thin veil of dust. The road reminds me of the Brehon kids. Each of them took the bus to Maymont Central School, which was built in the early 1960s to replace the one-room schoolhouses of their parent's

Tea for the Tillerman
CAT STEVENS
Ampli de sono extérieure
REALISTIC
MPA-20
Kahlúa

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

Above: Household effects are ready to be auctioned at the Emerald Farm in October 2011.

Below: George Brehon purchased this war surplus Ansom MK II plane for parts in 1946.

day. The road also led to Saskatoon, an hour's drive east, for the wildly anticipated twice-yearly visit to the dentist. And, of course, the same road took them into Maymont, where the family banked, checked in at the grain elevator, picked up groceries, saw the doctor, went to sporting events, and attended Sunday services at Sharon United Church.

The church, built in 1911, was central to life in the community. During the week, young people went to meetings of the church equivalent of Girl Guides — Canadian Girls in Training (CGIT) — and Boy Scouts — Tyros for the younger boys. This same church was where all the Brehons — including my wife and I on one windy, hot July day — were married.

"What do I hear, what do I hear, what do I hear? We have a bid of five dollars…."

I hear the wind chimes in Gladys's flower garden. I remember how beautifully it bloomed in summer. How did she get the peonies to grow so luxuriantly and get those cheerful orange prairie lilies to bloom along the north wall? I recall that even in midwinter's darkness, the single string of multicoloured Christmas lights that adorned the trimmed cotoneaster hedge called out a cheery welcome.

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

Inside the home are more memories that sing of family fun: of games of kaiser, crazy eights, cribbage, and crokinole, and Scrabble; of supper at six o'clock sharp, dinner at noon, and "lunch" late at night after another round of cards with visitors; of wiener roasts by the brick fire pit; of well water well mineralized; of "outside only" kitty cats crying for leftovers. If you listen carefully, you will hear the barking of the ghosts of farm dogs Pal and Mike and Jack. The latter was a German shepherd who lived to be seventeen years old — three times tumbling from the back of the pickup truck obviously did wonders for Jack's constitution.

"Lot number thirty six, have a look at it guys, 4.3 litre, V6 engine, boy, would it be good on gas…."

I walk along the windbreak of western maple and poplar that Alex planted long ago and linger awhile at the machinery graveyard. There's a 1970s Mercury Marquis 500, resting and rusting amidst waist-high wild oats and thistle. There's a formidable old snow blower that George, the consummate handyman, built by himself. There's an old tractor, a Massey-Harris, before it was Ferguson. There's a venerable Co-op International combine. And, my favourite, an ancient wooden grain wagon. Here lies the twentieth century in repose.

"You set the price on it, fellers. Six thousand dollars to go. How 'bout it, eh? How 'bout six thousand six hundred, now seven thousand."

I pass what remains of an old tree fort built by my son, William, and me. We built snow forts, box forts, hay bale forts, and one fort built from the remnants of a World War II plane. William grew up here on our many visits. I cross the east field, where I can see clearly for five kilometres before the horizon fades. Skeins of Canada geese fly overhead. A muskrat swims across the soon-to-be-frozen dugout — I remember how one Christmas Eve we all played a game of shinny there by the light of the Chevy half ton.

From the distance, to the southeast, I hear the woofing of a coyote, followed by yips and barks, and then the whole family joins in for a mad howl — the coyotes' requiem for a day well spent as the daylight begins to fade.

I'm now at the grid road, the artery of all farming communities, and am off on a four-miler. We're not in metric country here; the pattern of roads is etched into the land in mile-long blocks. Each square mile is a section, and each sec-

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

Left: Alice Parker and George Brehon pose at their wedding in 1952.

tion is 640 acres. The average Saskatchewan farm nowadays is a little over two sections in size — about three and a half times bigger than when George and Gladys were growing up. Bigger farms mean fewer farms and fewer people living on them. And those left on the farm tend not to be young. The average age of a farm operator in Canada 2011 was fifty-four, up five years from the previous decade.

These realities, combined with changes in farming practices and transportation trends, have had a huge impact on villages like Maymont. Maymont was never big. Its population peaked at 239 in 1961. The census of 2006 listed its population as one hundred and thirty. I have witnessed its slow decline.

Maymont once had three grain elevators. Now it has none. I recall watching as the last one was dismantled for its wood. Then the bank went. And the grocery store packed up. Now the gas station is gone. Even the seniors centre is closed. Not everything is gone, though. You can still get coffee at the local hotel. And the school remains open, taking students from other districts where schools have been closed.

As I pass by the entrance to the home yard, I read a simple plaque proclaiming that the farm has been in one family for more than a hundred years. It reads: "The Brehon Family Farm, Established 1904, Saskatchewan Agriculture and Food, Hon. Mark Wartman, Minister."

Every time I read it, I'm darned proud. And I think, once again, about the farm and my place in the scheme of things. Through the years, Leslie and I had thought, fleetingly, about the possibility of buying the farm, or at least part of it. But what do Leslie and I know about farming?

It would be hard to equal George. He was a great farmer, who grew cash crops of wheat, barley, and canola. In addition, he raised a hundred and fifty head of cattle, plus fields of oats and hay grown to feed them.

And as much as he was good on the land, he was an even better engineer. He could repair anything. He was furnace fixer extraordinaire for the RM and beyond — a fundamentally important job when a furnace cuts out at minus thirty.

George was endlessly resourceful. Need a shop? No worries. Buy a filling station with its own shop, hydraulic lift included, put up for tender by the Saskatchewan Department of Highways. George got it to the farm himself, and for the next forty years the shop was his second home.

Century Family Farm Award
THE BREHON FAMILY FARM
ESTABLISHED 1904
Saskatchewan Agriculture and Food
Hon. Mark Wartman Minister

A Saskatchewan government plaque recognizes the Brehon farm for being in the same family for more than a hundred years.

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

George was also a master of his metal lathes. And he loved to work with wood. He belonged to a highly capable generation who could do seemingly anything. My skills don't compare.

Still, perhaps we should have bought a section and then rented it. Call it son-in-law's remorse.

In the distance, I see three whitetail deer, their tails erect, leaping off into a copse of poplar. It brings to mind the time I saw a nine-point buck eying me fearlessly in the centre of the road. At other times I saw a badger bustling along a field of peas, fox kittens peaking out from their roadside den, and skunks galore. Some creatures I have seen in the past are rarely seen now. Hungarian partridges used to burst from the stubble, but they seem to be gone. I haven't seen prairie chickens in years. Meadowlarks, with their piercing sweet trills, have gone silent.

I'm almost home now, nearing the access road, and the sun is setting in a swirling haze of molten apricot and mauve.

"Very low kilometres on this 1998 Chevy half ton. Eighty-one thousand complete."

The twentieth century belonged to the Brehon family — former Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier was right on their count, at least. The family was part of the massive immigration of homesteaders in the first decade of the century. It was part of World War I, where one of George's uncles died at the front. It was part of the boom times and farm mechanization of the 1920s, when Alex Brehon hung on to his beloved horses for longer than economics would dictate.

Then came the grim years of the 1930s dust bowl — the Great Depression. The families of George and Gladys were luckier than some. Because they had arrived in the early 1900s, the Brehons and the Parkers were more firmly established than many who came later. The families had pigs, beef cattle, and dairy cows to keep them going, as well as enormous vegetable gardens. And, unlike the drought-stricken Palliser's Triangle in the southwest of the province, the west central region of Saskatchewan received enough rain for crops to grow.

The outbreak of World War II led to dramatic changes. Young men of the area signed up with the navy and the air force. Gladys lost two cousins in Bomber Command. Young women left to earn steady paycheques in cities like Saskatoon, Vancouver, and Toronto. Gladys went to Vancouver in 1947, when she was twenty-one, and found work at Bartram's Printing Company. The company made printed paper bags, and the women who worked there were known as, you guessed it, "Bartram's Bags." She stayed less than a year. Upon the death of her mother in 1947, Gladys returned to her parents' farm to help raise her younger sisters. The 1950s and 1960s were times of plenty. Improved farming methods and high grain prices allowed

BIGGER FARMS, FEWER FARMERS

In 1921, the Canadian census counted a total of 711,090 farms in Canada. Forty years later that number had dropped to 480,877, and by 2011 it was down to 205,730. Canada's population has quadrupled since 1921, while the number of farms has dropped by over seventy per cent. Since the total area being farmed in the country is significantly larger than it was ninety years ago, these numbers beg the question: Why are farmers leaving their land behind?

TECHNOLOGY

The single largest factor has been the arrival of more efficient technology that allows farmers to work more land with less manpower.

"Doing things with one big piece of equipment run by one guy gets as much done as ten small pieces of equipment did thirty years ago," said Derek Brewin, an associate professor in the University of Manitoba's agribusiness department.

The trend is most pronounced in Atlantic Canada, where the number of farmers has dropped by almost seventy per cent in the last fifty years.

ECONOMIES OF SCALE

Where many farmers have to take what they can get for their product, large-scale farming operations can use their size to negotiate better deals.

"The reason for the big farms is that they become so big that they can make better deals with their input suppliers and make better arrangements with the grain elevators to meet consumer demand because they have so much on-farm capacity," said Brewin.

RISK

In the last twenty years, the number of farmers under the age of thirty-five has dropped by almost seventy per cent. Because the start-up costs are so high (a combine alone can cost upwards of $300,000), many potential farmers are moving into other fields instead of carrying on the family tradition.

"The guy that survives is the guy who's paid down his debt and has some capacity to expand," said Brewin. " So as we go from two thousand to five thousand acres the guys who survive will be the older ones."

good farmers to thrive in the booming postwar economy. George's mother, the indomitable Annie, born in 1885, was still on the farm. Widowed after Alex's death in '36, she was a rock, co-managing the farm for many years. Annie lived to be ninety-three.

Through the 1970s and 1980s, the good times continued. The Brehon children were off to receive their post-secondary educations. By the 1980s, they were beginning to marry, and the elder Brehons became empty nesters.

With the 1990s came new challenges. Wheat was selling for not much more per bushel than it had in the twenties. Drought withered the crops. Fortunately, cattle prices kept the cash flowing on the Brehon farm.

The opening of the new millennium saw a reversal — higher prices for grain but uncertain prices for cattle. Mad cow disease and the vagaries of meat-packing plants now called the shots. As they entered their eighties, George and Gladys began to wind down. All around them, their contemporaries were passing away. By the end of 2011, three of George's siblings — Colles, Dick, and Muriel — were gone. Lilah, however, is still going strong in Saskatoon, where she retired.

"Sixty-five thousand, sixty-five thousand, sixty-five thousand. Yeoh! Seventy thousand, seventy thousand. Yeoh!" It's noon, and George and Gladys are sitting side by side on lawn chairs. Family members stand beside and behind them as the six parcels of their land, each of them a half square mile — a total of 1,920 acres — are auctioned one by one. Land prices are good, and the owners must okay any final bid. Some international bids come electronically, but the majority of the interest comes from people in the crowd. Within the hour, George and Gladys have agreed to the final bids, and it is done. The Emerald Farm, in all her Brehon family glory, has been sold.

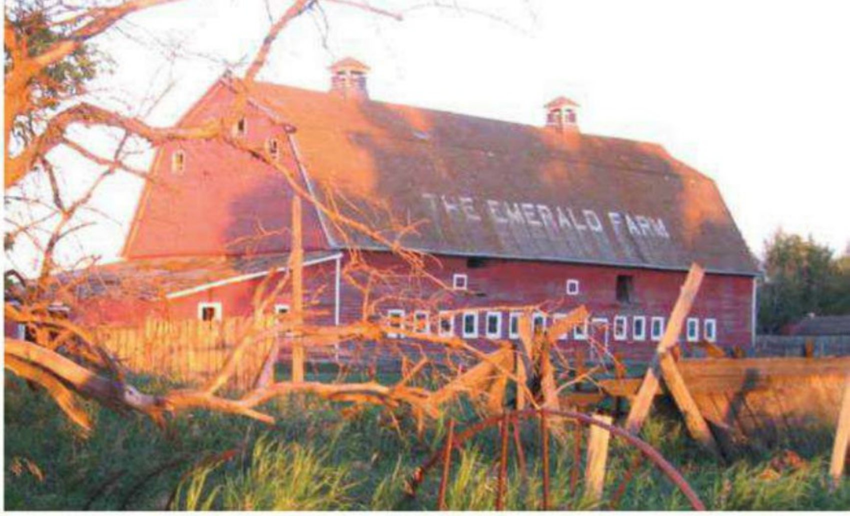
"Does anyone want a stack of tires for a buck?"

The auction is winding down, and I slowly circle the yard. The auctioneers fight a losing battle to sell the leftovers as the four o'clock deadline approaches. The group of men holding bidding numbers dwindles. A last-gasp bidding war breaks out over a wind generator — the farm had electricity a full three decades before the public power grid came to this part of rural Saskatchewan in 1954.

"Time to pack 'er up, boys."

I'm left standing in the yard, the sun beginning to set. I feel hollow, as I did when my brother and father died. With them went a part of me, and with the Emerald Farm went another part. A few successful bidders are towing away various farm implements. The auctioneers are gone. My wife, Leslie, is stoic. The farm has always been her touchstone in our nomadic life. Knowing this is the right course of action doesn't make it easier.

We are not alone. The same scenes play out across Canada — and across the world — as people move away from the land and into the cities. In Canada, Statistics Canada has for decades meticulously tracked the decline of the family-owned farm — the decline appears irreversible.



COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

Bare branches frame the Emerald Farm's traditional red barn.

Most Canadians whose families have been in Canada for two generations or more don't need to read the statistics. Most of us know of parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents being forced to sell the farm. Is it sad? For awhile, maybe. On the day of the auction, Garth told me it was a tough day for him, especially with those buying not knowing of, or caring about, the history behind their purchases. But he also said it was not nearly as tough as when his dad had been sick the winter before. He was proud of George and Gladys for having the remarkable courage and foresight to make the best decision.

Is it wrong for family farms and the community life of small towns to fade away? No. How can it be wrong when many of the children of farmers are doing so well off the farm and increasingly large farms are needed to produce increasingly large amounts of food? It is simply life moving along.

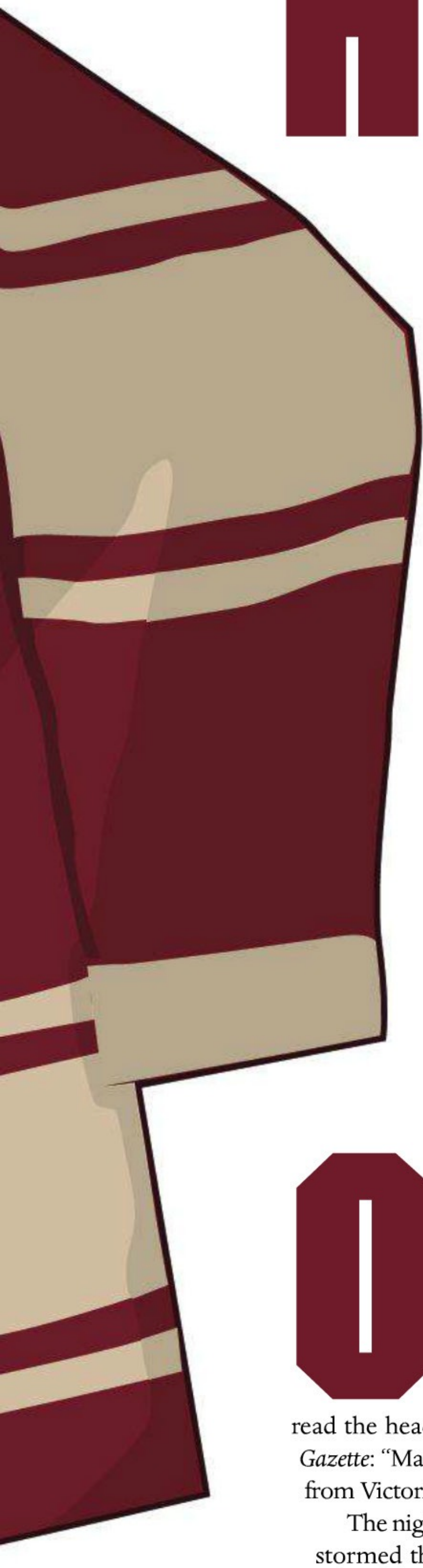
Gladys and George are now settled in their comfortable condo in Saskatoon, happily learning a new rhythm. They live not far from their sons Garth and Kevin and not much more than an hour away from Maureen. Leslie and I, currently working at an international school in Cairo, are a day's plane journey away. Within all of us, the Emerald Farm will live on.

To my remarkable parents-in-law, I leave the final word: "Farming as we have known it has been part of a great history in Canada, and we're proud to have lived it."

COURTESY OF BREHON FAMILY

Old machinery is ready to be auctioned at the Brehon farm.

M



HOCKEY'S HIGH ROLLERS

Bankrolled by wealthy anglophone stockbrokers, the Montreal Maroons were destined to crash.

by Ryan Kessler

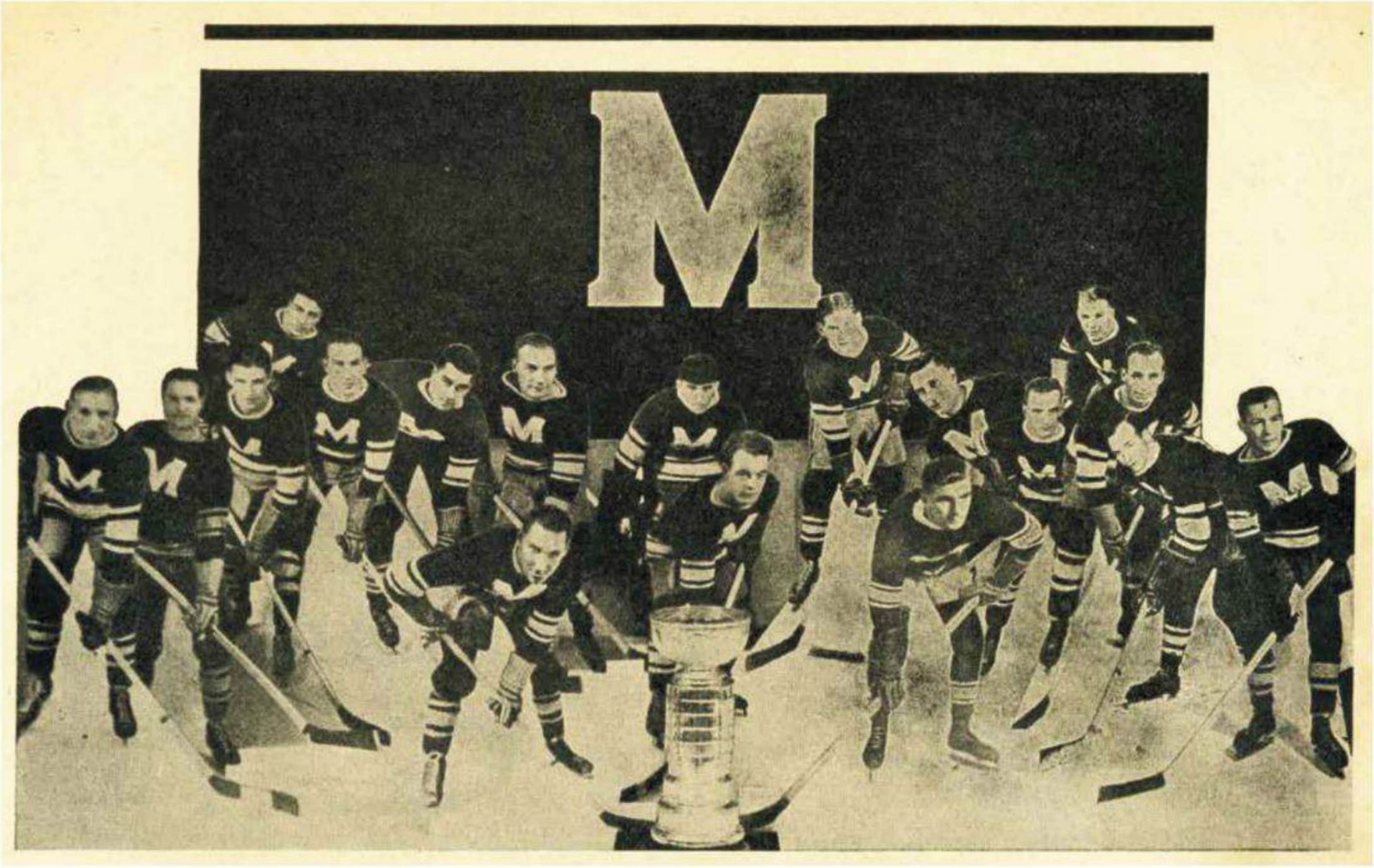
On April 7, 1926, privileged members of Montreal's English-speaking community wiped the sleep out of their eyes and tried to shake off some nasty headaches. Feeling groggy but triumphant, they proudly read the headline of that day's *Montreal Gazette*: "Maroons Captured Stanley Cup from Victoria Cougars."

The night before, hordes of fans had stormed the Maroons' dressing room to congratulate team members on their win, creating a scene so chaotic that an entire police squad was called in to keep order.

The reason for all the excitement was that the Montreal Maroons had done the seemingly impossible. Launched as a National Hockey League team in 1924, the new club went from second-worst to best in the league in one year. How could that happen? The answer was money — and lots of it.

At the time, Montreal had two professional teams, representing the city's cultural divide. French Canadians, who typically didn't wield much economic power, cheered on the Montreal Canadiens, while Montreal's well-heeled anglophones backed the Maroons. While the former seemed never to have a problem keeping a team, the latter found it a struggle.

An earlier anglophone-backed club, the Montreal Wanderers, had formed in 1903 and played in several leagues before joining the NHL in 1917. The Wanderers, owned by members of Montreal's anglophone business community, existed for only part of the NHL's inaugural season before being disbanded following a messy dispute between team ownership and the league. Anglophone Montrealers were left without their own professional team.



COURTESY OF RYAN KESSLER

The Montreal Maroons with the Stanley Cup in 1935.

ON-ICE FIGHTS WERE ROUTINE, INVOLVING PLAYERS, REFEREES, AND EVEN GOAL JUDGES. WHILE THAT WAS GOING ON, VIOLENCE WOULD OFTEN SPILL OVER INTO THE CROWD.

"There was a kind of a void," William Brown, author of *The Montreal Maroons: The Forgotten Stanley Cup Champions*, said in an interview.

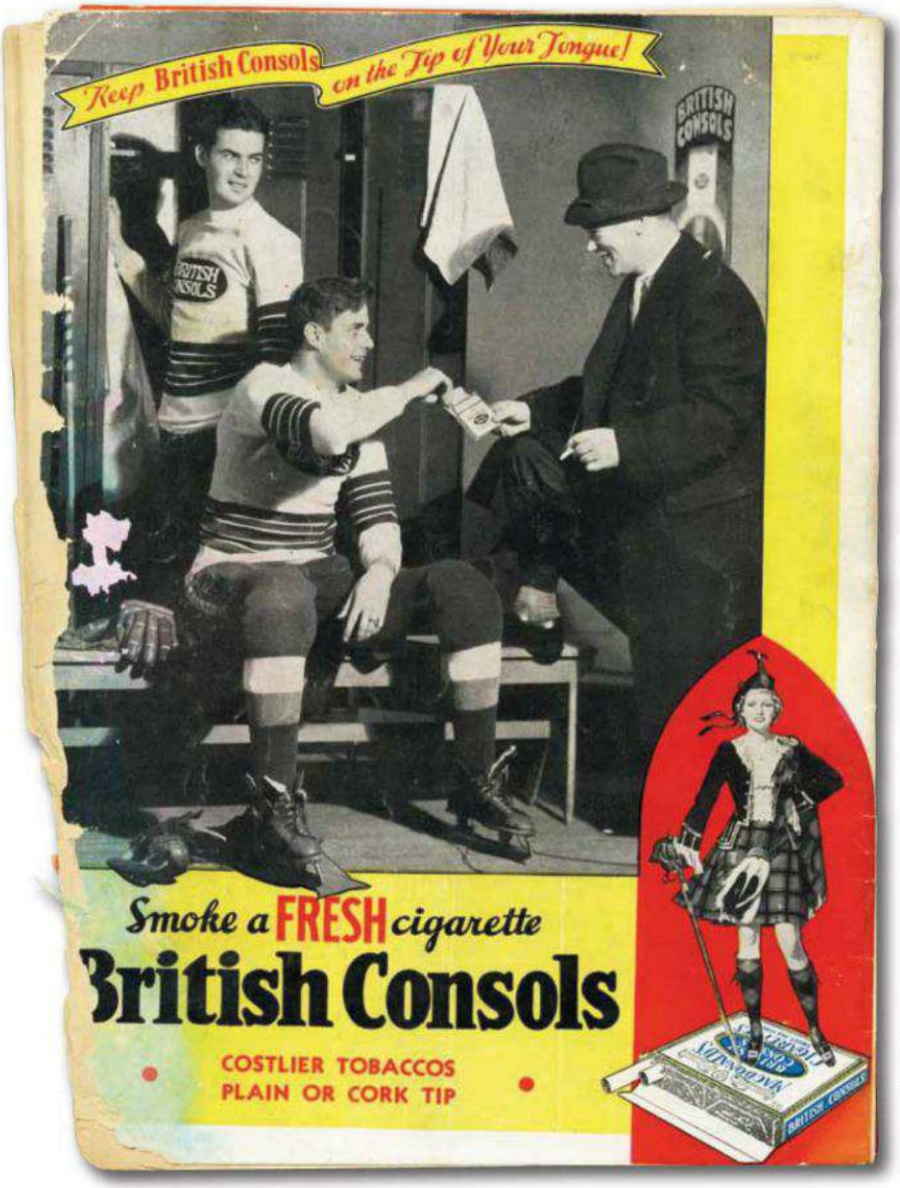
Wanderers founder James Strachan stepped in to fill the void by creating the Montreal Professional Hockey Club — which quickly came to be called "the Maroons" in reference to the distinctive colour of the team's jersey. Backed by anglophone movers and shakers in Canada's thriving 1920s stock exchange, the team was soon approved by the NHL. Next came a new arena. After only 159 days of construction, the Montreal Forum towered above Saint Catherine Street West.

On the surface, this seemed like bad news for Canadiens coach and owner Léo Dandurand. The Habs were suddenly competing in their own market with a brand new team playing at a world-class facility. The Canadiens were stuck with the Mount Royal Arena, a natural ice complex where rink flooding was done without machines. But, according to Brown, the Canadiens' coach and owner was actually quite pleased.

"He publicly talked about how the Maroons would have to compensate him for encroaching on his market, but he was quite happy behind the scenes because he knew that one day he'd be able to break his lease with that rickety natural ice arena and move into the Forum," said Brown. Dandurand's wish was fulfilled when the Canadiens started playing at the new arena in 1926.

The Maroons' owners stocked the lineup with future Hall of Famers such as Harry "Punch" Broadbent, Reg Noble, and goalie Clint Benedict. They were paid well, earn-

HOCKEY HALL OF FAME



COURTESY OF RYAN KESSLER

Above left: Nels Stewart, one of the top players with the Montreal Maroons.

Above right: Montreal Maroons players in a cigarette ad.

ing the Maroons a new nickname, "the stockbrokers of the NHL."

"The Maroons had this sort of attitude," said Brown. "They had lots of money, and the players were very well paid. The owners and their backers waved cash under their noses. There were bonuses if you scored a lot of goals. There were bonuses if you won the Stanley Cup."

Even fans chipped in with bonuses. In one case, a fan gave a star forward a thousand dollars for scoring a game-winning goal.

Yet, initially, all this wealth did not ensure victory. The Maroons finished the 1924–25 season poorly, with nine wins, nineteen losses, and two ties. In their matchups with the Canadiens, the Maroons were trounced on almost every occasion. The Habs shut them out in three games, tied one, and ended the regular season with a 3–1 triumph over the "Rockefeller" Maroons.

Tension was always in the air when the two teams met.

"There was a bit of a class thing because the Maroons attracted more well-heeled fans, which were largely English-speaking," Brown said. "But even members of the French-speaking economic elite would sometimes cheer for the Maroons."

On-ice fights were routine, involving players, referees, and even goal judges. While that was going on, violence would often spill over into the crowd.

Fortunately for the Maroons' owners, losing games did not translate into losing money. The Forum sold out night after night. With all that cash rolling in, the Maroons went on a spending spree. For the second season, the owners signed future team captain Dunc Munro to a $7,500 contract, making Munro one of the highest-paid players in the league.

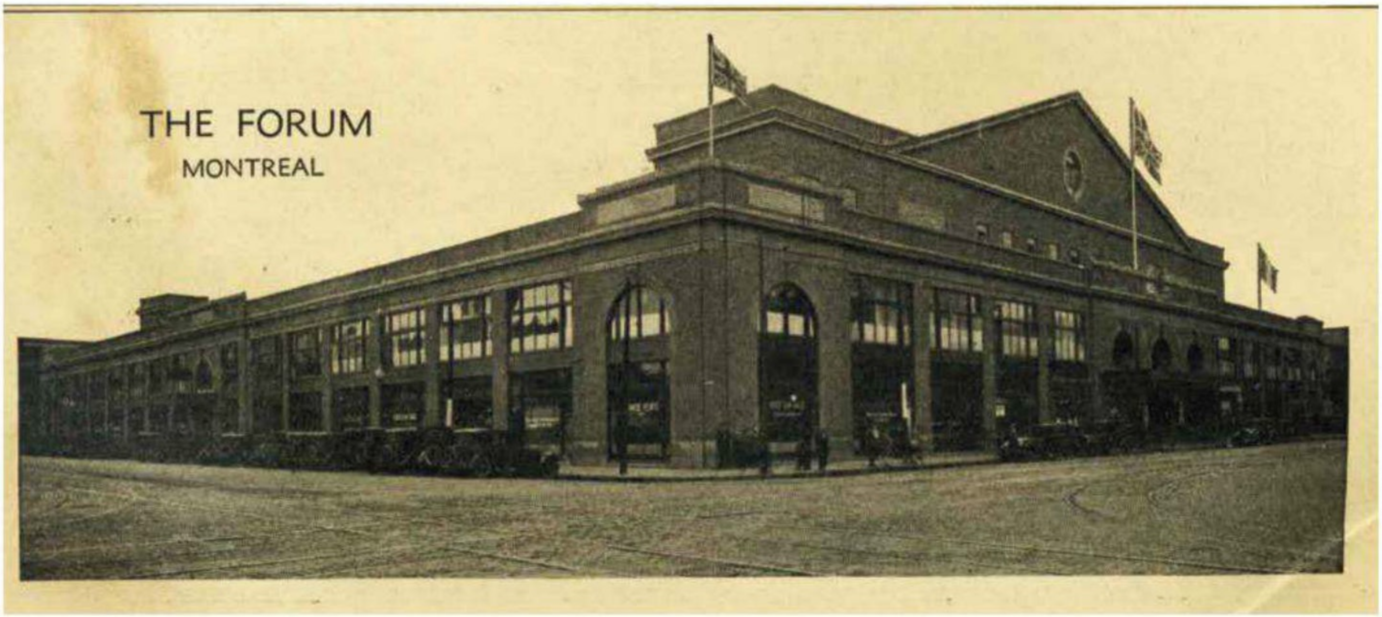
Strachan, the founder, had a sharp eye for new talent. After watching Albert "Babe" Siebert play for a Niagara Falls amateur team, Strachan immediately signed the twenty-one-year-old forward to a pro contract. Strachan's next target was a powerful centreman playing in the United States, Nels Stewart. He was about six-foot-one and two hundred pounds when scouts found him in Cleveland. Strachan outbid the Toronto St. Pats, who were also pursuing Stewart, to sign the player who would come to be known as "Old Poison" — either because of his deadly accurate shot or because of his habit of spitting tobacco juice into the faces of his opponents.

Stewart and Siebert made up two thirds of what would become the Maroons' top line for the next season. Ultimately, these off-season acquisitions won the Cup for the Maroons, said Phil Pritchard, vice-president and curator of the Hockey Hall of Fame.

"At that time, it was unheard of to get that many players from different teams," Pritchard said. "They were ahead of their time, according to some."

With the addition of new talent, the Montreal Maroons vaulted into second place in the 1925–26 regular season. Moreover, they won where it mattered — in Montreal, against the Canadiens, in five out of six games played.

"That year the Maroons brought their level of play up to the Canadiens. And that's what made it such a good rivalry," Brown said.



COURTESY OF RYAN KESSLER

The Montreal Forum soon after it first opened in 1924. The arena was originally built for the Maroons.

The Maroons went on to defeat the Pittsburgh Pirates and the first-place Ottawa Senators in the playoffs before facing the Victoria Cougars of the Western Hockey League. (At the time, the Stanley Cup was awarded to the winner of a showdown between the two leagues, essentially an East-versus-West meeting.)

The Maroons won the Cup handily, three games to one in a best-of-five series. The victory marked "the end of the WHL," according to Brown, because it demonstrated that a team fuelled by money would outmatch the semi-professionals of the WHL. The latter league folded soon after the Cougars' defeat, although the WHL name has twice since been resurrected for different leagues.

Over the next few years, after winning the Stanley Cup, the Maroons continued to battle hard against the Canadiens. What the Maroons still missed was a knockout, rough-and-tumble enforcer. That's when Reginald "Hooley" Smith entered the scene. He was a member of the Ottawa Senators, but Strachan offered the Senators $22,500 in cash and first-line forward Broadbent in a trade to bring Smith to the team in October 1927.

Smith was cocky, crass, and very concerned about making money. He was the perfect fit.

"He was a tough, talented player who took the hit, dug things out of the corner, and he never went into the corner without his elbows up," Brown said.

Between 1928 and 1930, Stewart, Siebert, and Smith comprised the "S line." They were tough, fast, and cost a lot of money. How much they made is hard to determine, considering the under-the-table incentives the players were given. Smith is said to have made about eight thousand dollars in his first few Maroons seasons, plus bonuses — a small fortune for a hockey player of that time.

The Maroons went on to have many successful seasons and continued to generate healthy profits — until the Great Depression hit. Ticket sales plummeted. All of a sudden the NHL's "stockbrokers" were pleading poverty.

"They had to economize," Brown said. "The team just didn't have the money it used to. They had to start selling off players like Stewart, Siebert, and Smith."

Even without a star-studded lineup, the Maroons won the 1935 Stanley Cup. However, it would prove to be their last hurrah.

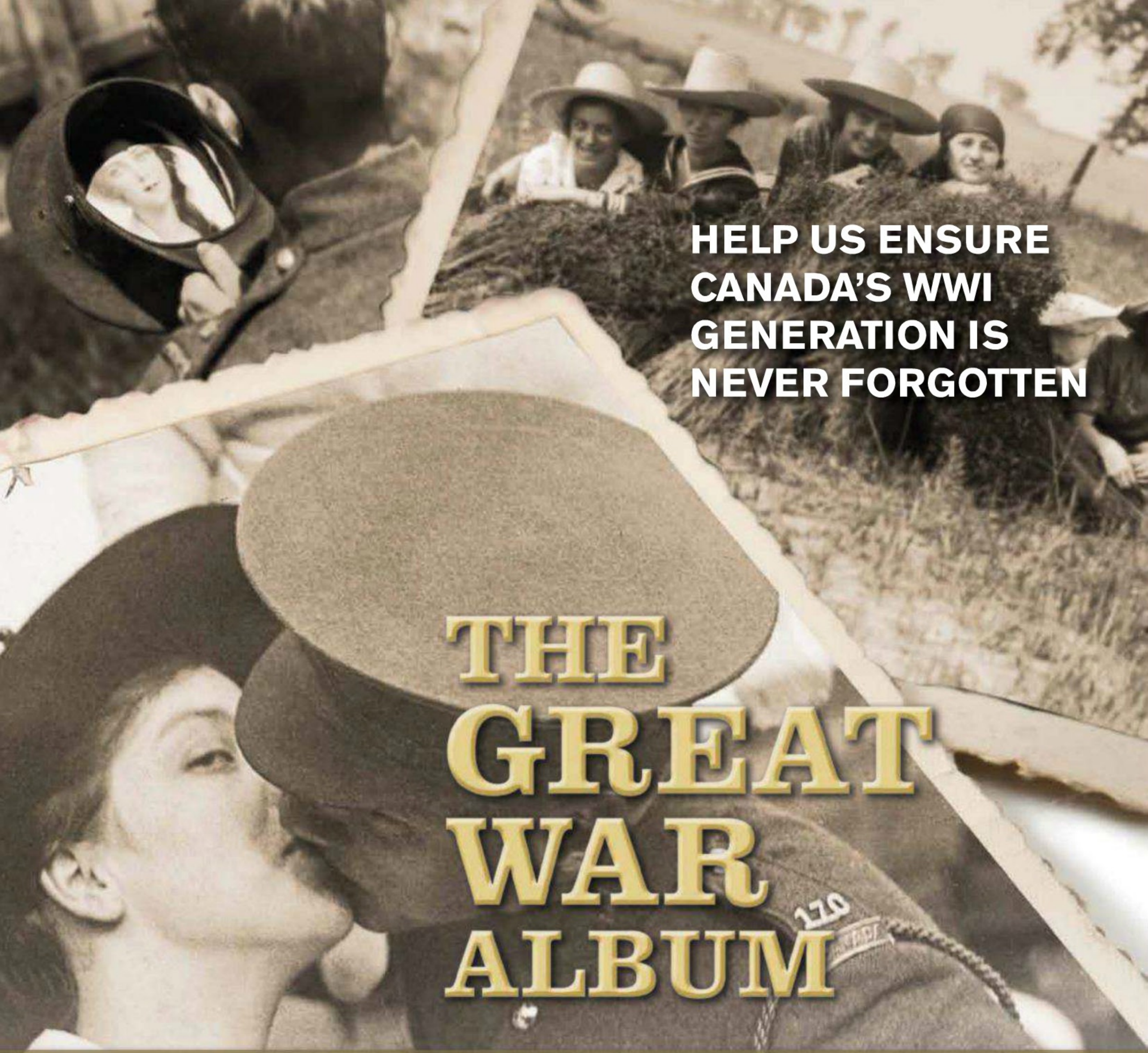
Both the Canadiens and the Maroons were running out of money. There was no longer economic room for two teams in Montreal. Rumours ran rampant, including that the Maroons and the Canadiens were making backroom deals and planned eventually to join forces. Since 1935, the Canadiens and Maroons had shared the same owner, the Montreal Arena Company — a fact that did not help to quash gossip.

Meanwhile, things had changed on the population front. The French-speaking middle class had grown dramatically since the Maroons joined the league, and by the 1937–38 season the Canadiens had the city's majority support.

The Maroons owners conceded. The final Montreal Maroons game took place March 17, 1938. They faced off against their archrivals, the Canadiens, and, in a final denoument, lost 6–3. Efforts to transfer the team to St. Louis, and later to Philadelphia, failed.

The team disbanded. The Canadiens claimed some of the Maroons; others signed with the remaining NHL teams. By the 1938–39 season, the Montreal Maroons franchise had disappeared as quickly as it had appeared.

Never again would Montreal have two separate NHL hockey teams to serve two language communities. Meanwhile, the Canadiens would go on to become legends of Canadian hockey.



HELP US ENSURE CANADA'S WWI GENERATION IS NEVER FORGOTTEN

THE GREAT WAR ALBUM

SEND MATERIALS TO:

Canada's History
Bryce Hall, Main Floor
515 Portage Avenue
Winnipeg, MB, R3B 2E9

FOR ELECTRONIC SUBMISSIONS, AND FOR MORE DETAILS, GO TO:

CanadasHistory.ca/GreatWarAlbum

It's been nearly 100 years since the "War to End All Wars." And while the veterans are gone, their memory lives on.

In 2014, **Canada's History** will honour the men and women who together helped win WWI with a new book, **Canada's Great War Album.**

We need your help.

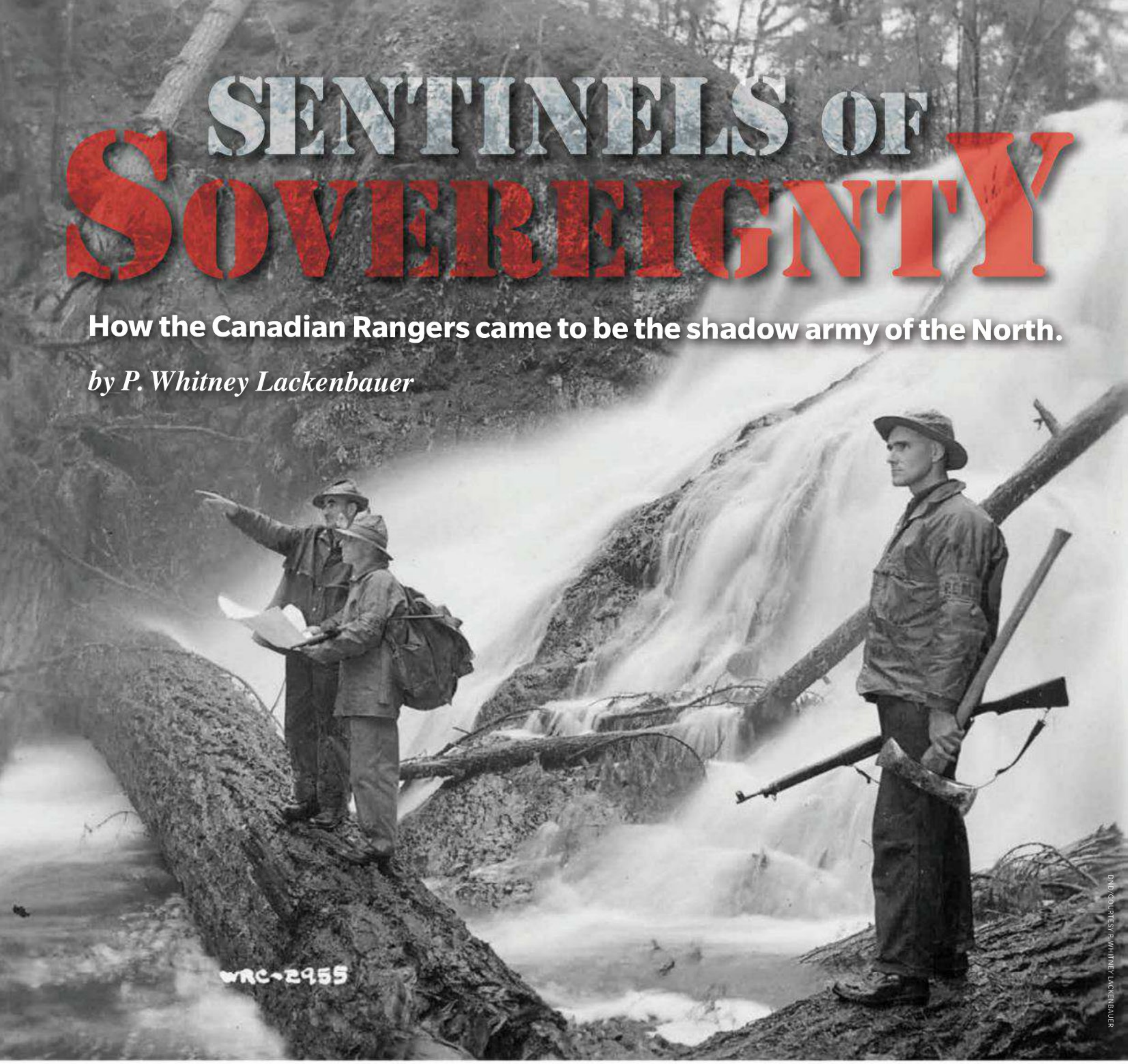
Send us your family's WWI photos, letters, or mementoes and we'll include them in our new book. From the front lines, to the homefront – help ensure these great Canadians are never forgotten.

CANADA'S
HISTORY

SENTINELS OF SOVEREIGNTY

How the Canadian Rangers came to be the shadow army of the North.

by P. Whitney Lackenbauer



DND/COURTESY P. WHITNEY LACKENBAUER

Members of the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers on patrol, 1942.

In 1947, Minister of National Defence Brooke Claxton quietly announced the creation of an unorthodox military force: the Canadian Rangers. Outfitted with armbands and bolt-action rifles, volunteers in remote areas of Canada were to provide a military presence on a shoestring budget. Sixty-six years later, the Rangers wear red sweatshirts and have access to more equipment, but they continue to thrive using the same no-frills approach, playing a prominent role in defence, nation-building, and stewardship.

Defence officials came up with the Ranger concept during the Second World War, when the Japanese threatened the West Coast. Terrified British Columbians pushed the federal government to improve coastal defences. Evoking the mystique of untrained frontier fighters from centuries past, the army responded by forming the Pacific Coast Militia Rangers (PCMR) in early 1942. This temporary reserve force allowed British Columbian men who were too old or too young for overseas service, or engaged in essential industries such as fishing and mining, to contribute to home defence.

This article, prepared for *Canada's History*, is part of a series on environmental history generously sponsored by the Walter & Duncan Gordon Foundation.

CAPTAIN FRANCIS ARSENAULT 2 CANADIAN RANGER PATROL GROUP

Apart from a sporting rifle, ammunition, an armband, and eventually a canvas uniform suited to the coastal climate, the army expected the Rangers to be self-sufficient. Using their local knowledge, they reported any suspicious vessels or activities they came across during their everyday lives. If an enemy invaded, they were expected to help professional forces repel it. By 1943, there were nearly fifteen thousand Rangers representing all walks of B.C. life, from fish packers to cowboys. They trained with other military units, conducted search and rescue, and reported Japanese balloon bombs that landed along the coast. The organization stood down when the war ended in the fall of 1945, having accomplished its home defence mission without firing a hostile shot.

A few years later, Canadians awoke to the reality of the Cold War. Realizing that the country did not have the resources to station large numbers of regular soldiers in its vast northern and remote regions, defence officials returned to the Ranger idea in 1947. This time the force would spread across Canada. The first Ranger units took shape in the Yukon, then extended throughout the North and down the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

The civilian backgrounds of these "ordinary" men (there is no record of any women Rangers until the late 1980s) determined their contributions, whether they were trappers, bush pilots, missionaries, fishermen, or miners. In Aboriginal communities, Inuit, First Nations, and Métis men filled the ranks — although until the 1970s the army usually appointed a token "white" officer to lead them. The Rangers' local knowledge allowed them to serve as guides and scouts, report suspicious activities while going about their daily business, and — if the unthinkable came to pass — delay an enemy advance using guerrilla tactics. The army equipped each Ranger with an obsolescent but reliable .303 Lee Enfield rifle left over from World War II (the type the Rangers still use today), two hundred rounds of ammunition annually, and an armband in lieu of a military uniform. Largely untrained, they were expected to hunt wildlife to hone their marksmanship skills.

The strength of the early organization peaked in December 1956, when 2,725 Rangers served in forty-two companies. Rangers filed reports on strange ships and aircraft and participated in training exercises with Canada's Mobile Striking Force — a Cold War-era paratroop force designed to be flown quickly into remote northern areas. In one case, Rangers even helped the RCMP intercept bandits trying to flee the Yukon along the Alaska Highway. Journalist Robert Taylor observed that this diverse mix of Canadians was united in one task: "Guarding a country that doesn't even know of their existence."

By the 1960s, Ottawa's defence plans largely overlooked the Rangers. Citizen-soldiers with armbands and rifles could hardly fend off hostile Soviet bombers carrying nuclear weapons. Officials ignored the Rangers, turning instead to technological marvels like the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line to protect the continent. Apart from Newfoundland and Labrador, and a sprinkling of northern communities, the Canadian Rangers were largely inactive by 1970. That the organization survived at all was thanks to local initiative and its miniscule cost.

Then something happened to change the attitudes of defence planners: Humble Oil, an American consortium, sent the icebreaker *Manhattan* — a giant oil tanker — through the Northwest Passage twice in 1969 and 1970. The United States proclaimed that it did not need Canadian permission because the passage was an international strait. All of a sudden, Canada's hold over what it regarded as *its* Arctic was an issue. The government turned to the Canadian Forces to assert symbolic control, promising increased surveillance and more Arctic training for southern troops. Because the Rangers still existed — on paper, at least — and cost next to nothing, they fit the bill.

After the military established its new northern region headquarters in Yellowknife, staff travelled to communities to provide basic military training to Inuit and Dene Rangers. These meetings were very popular with the locals, who embraced the Rangers as a form of grassroots service. Furthermore, northern Rangers patrols (as their community-based units became known) now elected their own leaders — a unique form of self-governance. Revitalized by military support and respect, by the early 1980s the Rangers had resumed their roles as guides and expert teachers of survival

Above: A Ranger in Puvirnituq, Quebec, in 2011. Women did not join the Rangers until the 1980s.

Below: Ranger Kadluk spotting aircraft in 1953.

PRINCE OF WALES NORTHERN HERITAGE CENTRE NWT ARCHIVES N-1979-051-0286 skills in the Northwest Territories, northern Quebec, and along the eastern seaboard.

When the next Arctic sovereignty drama unfolded, the Rangers reached a new level of prominence. In 1985, the U.S. Coast Guard icebreaker *Polar Sea* pushed through the Northwest Passage without seeking Canada's permission, resurrecting sovereignty anxieties. The Conservative government of Brian Mulroney responded by promising big-ticket military investments to improve Canada's control over the Arctic. At the same time, the Rangers received increased recognition and support. Media coverage began to emphasize the social and political benefits of the Rangers in Aboriginal communities. As a bridge between diverse cultures as well as between the civilian and military worlds, the Rangers successfully integrated national sovereignty and defence agendas with local interests.

While most of the government's promised investments in Arctic defence evaporated with the end of the Cold War, the Canadian Rangers increased in size in the 1990s. Most new growth was in Aboriginal communities. Journalists applauded the Rangers for teaching the military and for encouraging elders to share their traditional knowledge with younger people within Aboriginal communities. The latter role led to the creation of a youth program, the Junior Canadian Rangers, in 1998.

By the twenty-first century, the Canadian Rangers had three broad tasks: conducting and supporting sovereignty operations; conducting and assisting with domestic military operations; and maintaining a Canadian Forces presence in local communities.

The Rangers have attracted their highest profile when patrolling the remotest reaches of the Arctic, showing the flag in some of the most challenging conditions imaginable. Since 2007, Rangers have participated in three major annual exercises: Nunalivut in the High Arctic, Nunakput in the Western Arctic, and Nanook in the Eastern Arctic. The Rangers also conduct search and rescue operations and are the de facto leaders in their communities during states of emergency resulting from avalanches, extreme weather, forest fires, and other events.

The Rangers' task of maintaining a military presence in local communities remains fundamental. As volunteers representing more than ninety percent of the Canadian Forces' presence north of the 55th parallel, the Rangers play many local roles: providing honour guards for politicians and royalty visiting their communities, protecting trick-or-treaters from polar bears in Churchill, Manitoba, on Halloween, or blazing trails for the Yukon Quest and Hudson Bay Quest dog sled races.

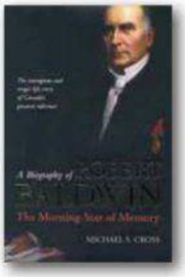
Today there are nearly five thousand Rangers. With their distinctive red sweatshirts and ball caps, they are an appropriate form of military presence in remote regions. The southern establishment depends on them. Without access to local knowledge of the land, sea, and skies, southern visitors are hopelessly lost. As Sergeant Simeonie Nalukturuk, a Ranger patrol commander in Inukjuak, put it, the Rangers are "the eyeglasses, hearing aids, and walking stick for the [Canadian Forces] in the North."

The Rangers today are icons of Canadian sovereignty. They contribute to domestic security, make important contributions to their communities, and are stewards of our northland. Most importantly, their commitment does not fluctuate with the political winds of the south.

Facing an uncertain future, Canadians can rest assured that the men and women in red sweatshirts will remain vigilant as stalwart sentinels watching over their communities and the farthest reaches of our country.

Rangers show the flag during Operation Kigiliqaqvik Ranger at Cape Isachsen, Nunavut in 2002.

1 CANADIAN RANGER PATROL GROUP



MODEL DEMOCRAT

A Biography of Robert Baldwin: The Morning-Star of Memory
by Michael S. Cross
Oxford University Press, Toronto, 2012
442 pp., illus., $39.95 hardcover

The Morning-Star of Memory is an important book. Michael Cross has devoted a good part of his life to understanding the anglophone half of the democratic movement in Canada, as personified by Robert Baldwin.

Of course, telling the Canadian story is often complicated by our peculiar reality — we specialize in more than one leader at a time. And this sits uncomfortably with the Western tradition of the all-consuming heroic figure.

The team in question here was Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine and Robert Baldwin, each the leader of their community. Cross brings to their story a remarkable originality in that he led the way in uncovering the personal side of what drove Baldwin during the incredibly difficult campaign to make Canada a democracy. In the aftermath of the disastrous 1837 rebellions, LaFontaine and Baldwin found themselves the leaders of their respective communities. But how could they lead when the communities were so shattered and under shock from the trials and the hangings of the pro-democracy rebels? More important, how could they lead when there was no clear model in place for such a situation?

Cross brilliantly lays out the way in which they created a new approach towards democratic government by developing a non-European style of society. And he shows what drove Baldwin. First there was an all-consuming love — yes, love — for one woman, his wife Eliza, which went well beyond 19th-century romanticism. I often think Baldwin's personal life involved the most extraordinary love life of a modern leader anywhere in the Western world. It was Cross who first explained just how that love and the effect of his wife's early death were to play such a central role in Baldwin's life, turning him into a singularly driven but also highly depressive figure.

I believe we misunderstand our own country when we attempt to see it in the light of influences from England, or France, or the United States, although these influences did exist. Equally, we do a disservice to ourselves when we attempt to see the country as something that had to pop out of a hat in 1867, because the British didn't want us anymore and the Americans were a looming danger. This strange approach turns the creation of Canada into a kind of fearful negativity. If we could drag George-Etienne Cartier and John A. Macdonald into the room and ask them what it was that inspired them, they would almost certainly reply that it was LaFontaine and Baldwin and their model for a new country.

What I have just said was widely accepted and understood until the early twentieth century. Somehow, in the blast of violence and nationalism headlined by the two world wars, our more interesting, complex heritage was written out of our own history in favour of a classic European-style interpretation of our creation in 1867.

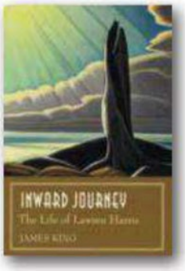
For the last twenty years, a growing group — of which I happily admit to being part — has been working hard to re-establish the central roles of Robert Baldwin and Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine. Michael Cross is a leader of this movement. And this biography truly is the fruit of a lifetime of work. It is an important book for all of us because it helps us to actually understand who we are.

The importance of this cannot be underestimated. This is a difficult, confusing and, yes, dangerous time for all societies, all nation-states. We are living through a widespread insistence on a utilitarian view of society, the return of ugly nationalisms, the return of racism, the falling back on old-style militaristic nationalism, and an inflating obsession with security issues that somehow trump citizen rights. All of these threaten the underlying sense that societies are about citizens and the well-being of the whole.

Michael Cross puts on the table the story of one of the most unusual if not peculiar leaders we've ever had. Baldwin — as, indeed, did LaFontaine — gave his life to making Canada a democracy, and a democracy built on an ideal of justice. The struggle was so tough emotionally, and physically, that by the time they actually got to power in March 1848 they were already exhausted and almost broken. Three remarkable years followed. They survived a prolonged attempt at a *coup d'état* by the anti-democratic forces, and they put through literally hundreds of laws that would become the basis for the society we are today.

I wrote about the close friendship between the two men in my *Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine and Robert Baldwin* in the Extraordinary Canadians series. Éric Bédard brought back the reality of LaFontaine and his allies in *Les Réformistes: Une génération canadienne-française au milieu du XIXe siècle.* And now Michael Cross has added a very important piece to this puzzle, with his *The Morning-Star of Memory,* which brings Robert Baldwin fully alive. He does so in a way that helps us to understand what makes this country so unusual and its ideas so hard to explain in classic Western terms. I feel very much indebted to Michael Cross for this very fine book. I think we all should.

Reviewed by **John Ralston Saul,** award-winning essayist and novelist, author of *A Fair Country*, and general editor of Penguin Canada's Extraordinary Canadians series of books, to which he has contributed a double biography of Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine and Robert Baldwin. His latest novel is *Dark Diversions.*



ABSTRACT YEARNINGS

Inward Journey: The Life of Lawren Harris
by James King
Thomas Allen Publishers, Toronto, 2012
384 pp., illus., $44.95 hardcover

Lawren Harris, a founding member of the Group of Seven and a lifelong advocate for Canadian art, was a rich man who mistrusted materialism and a private man who became a public figure. In his comprehensive account of Harris's art and life, novelist and biographer James King teases out the artist's "strangely compounded temperament," as one critic called it, with empathy and insight.

Harris was born in 1885 in Brantford, Ontario, to devout Baptist parents. According to King, a distinguished professor at McMaster University, Harris's religious piety never quite left him, though ultimately it broadened into a restless spiritual yearning. In his twenties, Harris became an adherent of theosophy, a catch-all of Eastern thought, esoteric beliefs, and self-help led by the charismatic Helena Blavatsky. Harris would be independently wealthy all his life — his family was the Harris of the Massey-Harris farm machinery company — but along with his fortune he inherited a passion for social justice.

At Toronto's Arts and Letters Club, Harris encountered other the painters who with him would form the core of the Group of Seven. From the beginning, Harris was a shrewd propagandist for the group's mission to create a new national art, one that would reflect the rawness and reach of the Canadian landscape.

Ross King's *Defiant Spirits* (2010), which chronicled the formation of the Group of Seven, has covered much of this ground. James King reminds us that, for Harris, the group years were a brief period in a much longer creative life. Harris's loyalty to the group would always be in tension with his preference for abstracted forms and universal truths. His chilly, simplified Arctic pictures reflect his notion that Canada's northern territory was a pristine, silent source of "spiritual flow." Emily Carr considered these paintings "dead and lifeless." King views them as emblematic of the artist's mystic beliefs. Either way, they suggest Harris's increasing impulse toward abstraction.

The decisive break, which would affect both Harris's life and art, came in 1934. Harris had been a dutiful husband to his wife, Trixie, and an affectionate father to their three children. For years, he had carefully balanced his life of privilege and polite conformity with his work as an artist. (Harris preferred to paint in a suit and tie, eschewing bohemian affectations.) In 1934, their respectable, socially sanctioned marriage was dissolved amid the beginnings of Harris's relationship with Bess Housser, the wife of Harris's supporter, friend, and fellow theosophist Fred Housser.

While the transition was complicated — Fred had fallen in love with painter Yvonne McKague, and it appears that all four of them lived for a brief time in one house — it was also rather quaint (especially in comparison to the louche standards stereotypically ascribed to the European avant-garde). Harris insisted that his love for Bess was a spiritual kinship, and King supports the idea that their subsequent marriage remained celibate. "There'll be none of that," Harris told a

NEW FROM UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS

AUTONOMOUS STATE
The Struggle for a Canadian Car Industry from OPEC to Free Trade
by Dimitry Anastakis
In this engrossing book, Dimitry Anastakis chronicles the evolution of Canadian auto industry, the country's most important economic sector, from the 1973 OPEC embargo to the 1989 Canada-U.S. Free Trade Agreement and examines a fascinating array of topics in recent auto industry and Canadian business and economic history.
9781442612976 | $39.95

RAISING THE WORKERS' FLAG
The Workers' Unity League of Canada, 1930–1936
by Stephen L. Endicott
Raising the Workers' Flag gives an intimate sense of the raging debates of the labour movement of the 1930s. Endicott provides a gripping account of the Workers' Unity League's dreams and daring, and enlivens some of the most dramatic struggles of Canadian labour history.
9781442612266 | $35.00

New in paperback
THE LAZIER MURDER
Prince Edward County, 1884
by Robert J. Sharpe
'By day, Robert Sharpe sits on the Ontario Court of Appeal. The rest of the time, he writes intelligent and readable books about Canada's legal system. In this carefully researched true-life murder story, Sharpe looks into an 1884 episode in Prince Edward County when the system proved to be fatally casual.'
Jack Batten, *The Toronto Star*
9781442644212 | $24.95

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS
Advancing Knowledge
utppublishing.com

friend at the time.

The scandal forced the new couple to leave Toronto. They settled first in New Hampshire and later in a New Mexico enclave of artists, transcendentalists, freethinkers, astrologists, and yoga enthusiasts — "rather swell folks," Harris wrote. Under the Santa Fe sun, Harris finally felt free to follow the lure of complete spiritual abstraction. King carefully distinguishes between Harris's beliefs and his practice, suggesting theosophy influenced his work but didn't determine it. "Madame Blavatsky did not paint my pictures," Harris once said.

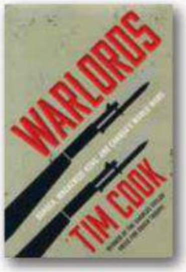
Harris's final decades were spent in Vancouver, where he was imperious but also generous to younger artists like Jock MacDonald and Gordon Smith. King writes persuasively about Harris's influence on the development of Canadian modernism in the 1950s and 1960s, though he is perhaps too generous in his assessment of Harris's own modernist paintings, which often feel like arid exercises.

As the first full-length biography of Lawren Harris, *Inward Journey* needs to cover a lot of ground. Arranged chronologically and densely detailed, the book is thorough but occasionally dry. King, who has also written five novels, has previously specialized in biographies of writers, including Virginia Woolf, Farley Mowat, and Margaret Laurence.

Writers tend to leave traces of their interior lives behind in words, but Harris's paintings are harder to parse. King begins each chapter with an italicized section in which he allows himself to speculate about Harris's state of mind. It's a clever way of distinguishing between educated supposition and biographical fact, but it only goes so far. Harris's Upper Canadian reticence is hard to crack, and he remains an opaque subject.

Fortunately, Harris's art is very visible here. This abundantly illustrated book is heavy — literally heavy — with thick glossy pages that give the colour reproductions clarity and depth. In his preface, King acknowledges that, while much of Harris's search for meaning and fulfilment was hidden, "he found a way, in a series of extraordinary paintings, to dramatize and externalize those struggles." Perhaps it's apt that the pictures in *Inward Journey* seem to have the final word.

Reviewed by **Alison Gillmor,** a Winnipeg journalist and art historian.



LEARNING UNDER FIRE

Warlords: Borden, Mackenzie King, and Canada's World Wars
by Tim Cook
Allen Lane, Toronto, 2012
480 pp., illus., $34 hardcover

Ask most Canadians to name a great wartime leader, and the odds are they would come up with Britain's Winston Churchill or American President Franklin Roosevelt, the noble duo who led the Allied victory in the Second World War. Canadian prime ministers — including Robert Borden, who guided the country during the First World War, and William Lyon Mackenzie King, who was in power during the Second — would be a bit down the list. Warlords they were definitely not.

And yet, as Tim Cook, a curator and historian at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa, chronicles in his latest — though, arguably, inaccurately titled — book, both Borden and King, when thrust into wartime leadership, more or less rose to the challenge. They did so quite differently.

As Cook rightly concludes, "In broad strokes, it can be said that Borden sided with the soldiers at the cost of jeopardizing unity at home, while King did the opposite, choosing unity over the lives of the soldiers overseas." Like in his other acclaimed books about the Great War, most notably *Shock Troops* and *At the Sharp End*, Cook melds solid academic research with readable prose. However, writing about the lives

JANE GLASSCO
NORTHERN FELLOWSHIP

The **Jane Glassco Northern Fellowship** program brings together young northerners aged 25 to 35, who want to build a strong North that benefits northerners. The two-year program incorporates self-directed study, collective learning and mentorship with the aim of empowering young northerners to build a healthier, more self-reliant and sustainable North.

WALTER & DUNCAN
GORDON FOUNDATION

APPLY AT
GORDONFOUNDATION.CA

of ordinary soldiers or the commanders on the battlefields, as he did in those previous works, lent itself to a somewhat more compelling narrative than political machinations and debates about war supplies and financing.

In *Warlords*, Cook traces Canadian history from about 1911 to 1950 — from just before the outbreak of the First World War through the Second World War and on to the initial years of the Cold War. He adeptly moves through the well-known events and addresses major themes such as Canada's changing relations with Britain and the conscription crises of both conflicts. He also draws astute portraits of Borden and King, highlighting their strengths and weaknesses, as well as some of the key supporting characters. The latter include Sam Hughes, Borden's erratic and controversial minister of militia (about whom Cook wrote in his previous book, *The Madman and the Butcher*), and Col. James L. Ralston, King's minister of defence, who tried without success to browbeat King into adopting conscription.

Apart from R. Craig Brown's two-volume biography of Robert Borden, now more than thirty years old, less has been written about Borden than King in recent years. Here, Cook adds a much more nuanced depiction of Borden and shows how he matured from somewhat of a disappointment as prime minister into a tough and decisive leader who learned as the war proceeded — unlike King, who, serving two decades later, had Borden's example to follow. In contrast to the attention politicians and the media give today to Canadian casualties in Afghanistan, Borden and King displayed an almost callous disregard for what Canadian soldiers endured. Borden's change of heart only came later in the war, after he visited the front.

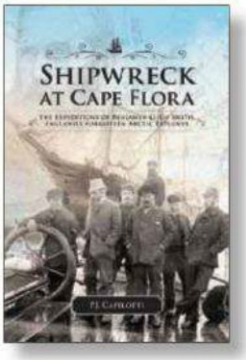
That Canada was a British country in the first half of the twentieth century is given, and Cook does an excellent job of incorporating this theme into his narrative. The First World was perceived by a majority of politicians and Canadians as paramount, and so whatever was required — whether it was the draconian War Measures Act, interning Ukrainian Canadians, or conscription in 1917 — was supported without reservation. Borden considered the needs of French Canadians and their refusal to accept conscription as secondary. He treated the national unity crisis it precipitated as unfortunate yet acceptable collateral damage. The country survived it; the Conservative Party not so much.

Mackenzie King learned that lesson well and did everything he could do to keep the country together and the Liberals in power. Cook's narrative ably recounts King's brilliant political skills and his sense of destiny, along with his peculiar quirks and oddball beliefs. There is no getting around it: Mackenzie King was one strange prime minister. He was devoted to Canada and worked to make it more autonomous, while keeping it firmly tied to the mother country. But, as Cook shows, he was also an opportunist who resisted conscription as much for

UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY PRESS

Making a difference.
Making you think.

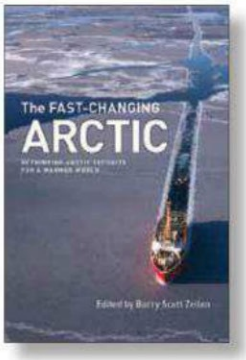
UNIVERSITY OF CALGARY PRESS



SHIPWRECK AT CAPE FLORA: The Expeditions of Benjamin Leigh Smith, England's Forgotten Arctic Explorer

P. J. Capelotti

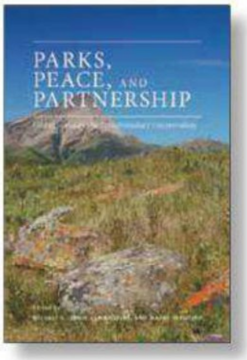
270 pp, $34.95, illustrations
ISBN 9781552387054



THE FAST-CHANGING ARCTIC: Rethinking Arctic Security for a Warmer World

Edited by Barry Scott Zellen

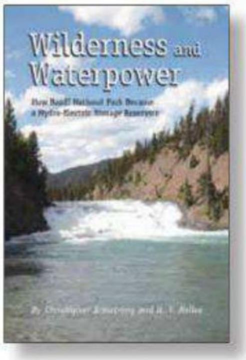
410 pp, $34.95, maps
ISBN 9781552386460



PARKS, PEACE, AND PARTNERSHIP: Global Initiatives in Transboundary Conservation

Edited by M. S. Quinn, L. Broberg, and W. Freimund

576 pp., $39.95, illustrations
ISBN 9781552386422



WILDERNESS AND WATERPOWER: How Banff National Park Became a Hydro-Electric Storage Reservoir

Christopher Armstrong and H. V. Nelles

272 pp., $34.95, illustrations
ISBN 9781552386347

Government of Alberta
Canada
Canada Council for the Arts
Conseil des Arts du Canada

Visit us at **www.uofcpress.com**

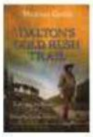
maintaining Quebec support of the Liberal Party as to preserve national unity.

One quibble: Cook suggests, with no references, that King's lengthy declaration-of-war speech in Parliament on September 8, 1939, was "dreadful," "drab," and boring. However, the speech, as recorded in Hansard, was decisive and even passionate in spots, and the press reports the next day were positive — including the one from the *Globe and Mail*, no fan of King's, which applauded his "strong, ringing voice."

While distinctly different in style and temperament, Borden and King were "adept at wielding power," as Cook argues, and expertly steered Canada through the worst crises of the twentieth century. They might not have been quite the warlords Cook suggests. But he nonetheless provides an excellent account of the complexities and struggles that tested each man and of the ways in which they and the country came through the wars generally unscathed.

Reviewed by **Allan Levine,** a Winnipeg historian and author. His most recent book is *King: William Lyon Mackenzie King: A Life Guided by the Hand of Destiny*.

More Books



Dalton's Gold Rush Trail: Exploring the Route of the Klondike Cattle Drives
by Michael Gates
Harbour Publishing, Madeira Park, British Columbia, 2012
303 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

Dalton's Gold Rush Trail is a terrific book for those who love stories of exploration and adventure in the northern wilderness. Michael Gates' writing is reminiscent of R.M. Patterson's style of storytelling about the Nahanni River.

Here Gates helps readers discover Dalton's Trail, a centuries-old Native trade route running near to five hundred kilometres from the Lynn Canal in southeast Alaska to the Yukon River. The book focuses on the time during the Klondike gold rush of the late 1890s, when pioneer Jack Dalton seized control of the trail and operated it as a toll road.

A self-described history detective, Gates pieces together the storied history of this lesser-known Klondike route by drawing from archaeological and historical research as well as his own personal journeys along the trail. He offers riveting accounts of the fires, famines, frauds, and flights of fancy that were all a part of ushering thousands of stampeders and tens of thousands of cattle safely to Dawson City.

— **Deborah Morrison**

Our Friend Joe: The Joe Fortes Story
by Lisa Anne Smith and Barbara Rogers
Ronsdale Press, Vancouver, 2012
190 pp., illus., $21.95, paperback

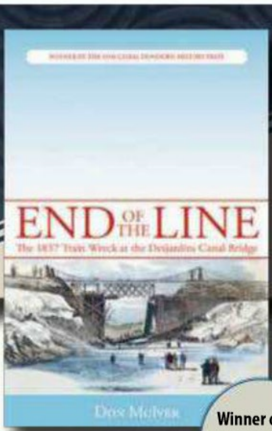
Our Friend Joe is a brisk read about a stalwart Vancouver character. The book is sprinkled with candid photos of Joe Fortes in action, smiles being most evident — both his and those of the people around him.

Originally from the West Indies, "Seraphim" Joe Fortes in 1885 sailed into the town that became Vancouver and put down roots. A charming, burly man in a rough pioneer town, he found plenty of jobs to sustain him, some more menial than others.

His favourite pastime was swimming. While it was a coastal town, public beaches were not a priority. Fortes and his fellow swimmers had to fight their way through seaweed, barnacles, and rock.

Fortes' passion for swimming and for the sandy enclave now known as English Bay drove him to find municipal support for a bathing pavilion. As a volunteer lifeguard, Fortes saved many people, including members of the upper class. He also made sure women and children were not bothered by men.

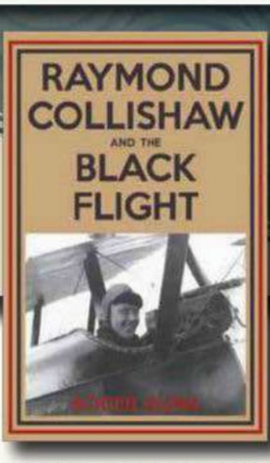
In spite of the racial bias of this era, his heroics endeared him to most Vancouverites, and he eventually received payment for his work as "caretaker of the beach." Yet his employment was not always guaranteed; his perceived value waxed and waned, depending on the city council of the day.



Winner of the 2011 Dundurn History Prize

END OF THE LINE
The 1857 Train Wreck at the Desjardins Canal Bridge
by Don McIver

Sixty people died in the 1857 Toronto-to-Hamilton train crash, making it one of the worst railway disasters in North America. Here are the stories of those associated with its construction and those who perished in the accident. This book captures the ebullient economic confidence of pre-Confederation Canada.



RAYMOND COLLISHAW AND THE BLACK FLIGHT
by Roger Gunn

As the third-highest-scoring flying ace among British and colonial pilots in World War I, Raymond Collishaw was only surpassed by Billy Bishop and Edward Mannock. This book traces his life from humble beginnings in Nanaimo, British Columbia, to victories in the skies over France.

/dundurnpress | @dundurnpress | dundurn.com
DUNDURN

Fortes was noted for his way with children. Not only did he teach them to swim, he was also a father figure to many, buying them ice cream or rides home even when he could ill afford it. While stingy with financial rewards during Fortes' life, the city gave him a civic funeral of the kind usually held for high-ranking politicians. Ten thousand people lined the streets to watch the procession in 1922.

The Joe Fortes story is inspiring, illustrating how character and fortitude can shape a community. One hundred years after his arrival, Joe Fortes was named Vancouver's "Citizen of the Century" — an apt honour if ever there was one.

— **Tanja Hütter**

COMING UP IN CANADA'S HISTORY

Bluenose Reborn

The restoration of *Bluenose II*: How Canada's iconic sailing ship was saved from obscurity. *by Dean Jobb.*

The Unsinkable Prairie Ship

During the depths of the Great Depression, a homesick farmer builds an ocean-going ship in a Saskatchewan grain field. *by Rick Book.*

Nasty Work in New Brunswick

How New Brunswick's first Acadian premier went head-to-head with the wealthy and the privileged. *by Jacques Poitras.*

Union Power: Solidarity and Struggle in Niagara
by Carmela Patrias and Larry Savage
AU Press, Edmonton, 2012
222 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

Working People in Alberta: A History
edited by Alvin Finkel
AU Press, Edmonton, 2012
360 pp., illus., $41.95 paperback

It's difficult to imagine the working conditions faced by Canada's first labourers, let alone their struggles to improve wages and conditions. Fortunately, two books in a new series from the Canadian Committee on Labour History provide a unique window into the history of labour in Canada.

Union Power: Struggle and Solidarity in Niagara, by Carmela Patrias and Larry Savage, both from Brock University, details how work has been transformed in Ontario's Niagara region since the early 1820s. At that time, workers laboured fourteen- to sixteen-hour days constructing the original Welland Canal that connected Lake Erie with Lake Ontario.

By the 1870s, the union movement included skilled trades such as cigar-making. In the 1920s and 1930s, garment workers staged strikes to improve wages and working conditions. In the 1980s, staff walked out at Eaton's department stores across Ontario.

Working People in Alberta: A History covers a similar period but also brings readers further back to the time of Canada's First Peoples and the first European fur traders who arrived in the area. The books are comparable in style, but *Working People in Alberta* benefits from a larger format and includes numerous images documenting the province's labour movement.

Many of its stories were collected by the Alberta Labour History Institute. Those stories are based on more than two hundred interviews recorded over the past decade. Transcripts of many of the interviews are available on the ALHI's website, labourhistory.ca. The publication of *Working People in Alberta* coincided with the one hundredth anniversary of the Alberta Federation of Labour in 2012.

Taken together, these two books provide an excellent look into the history of labour in Canada and how it has changed over time. Most notably, each is an important addition to the struggle to keep labour history in the public eye.

—**Joel Ralph**

Visit **CanadasHistory.ca** to read more reviews, browse the latest titles, and purchase books online.

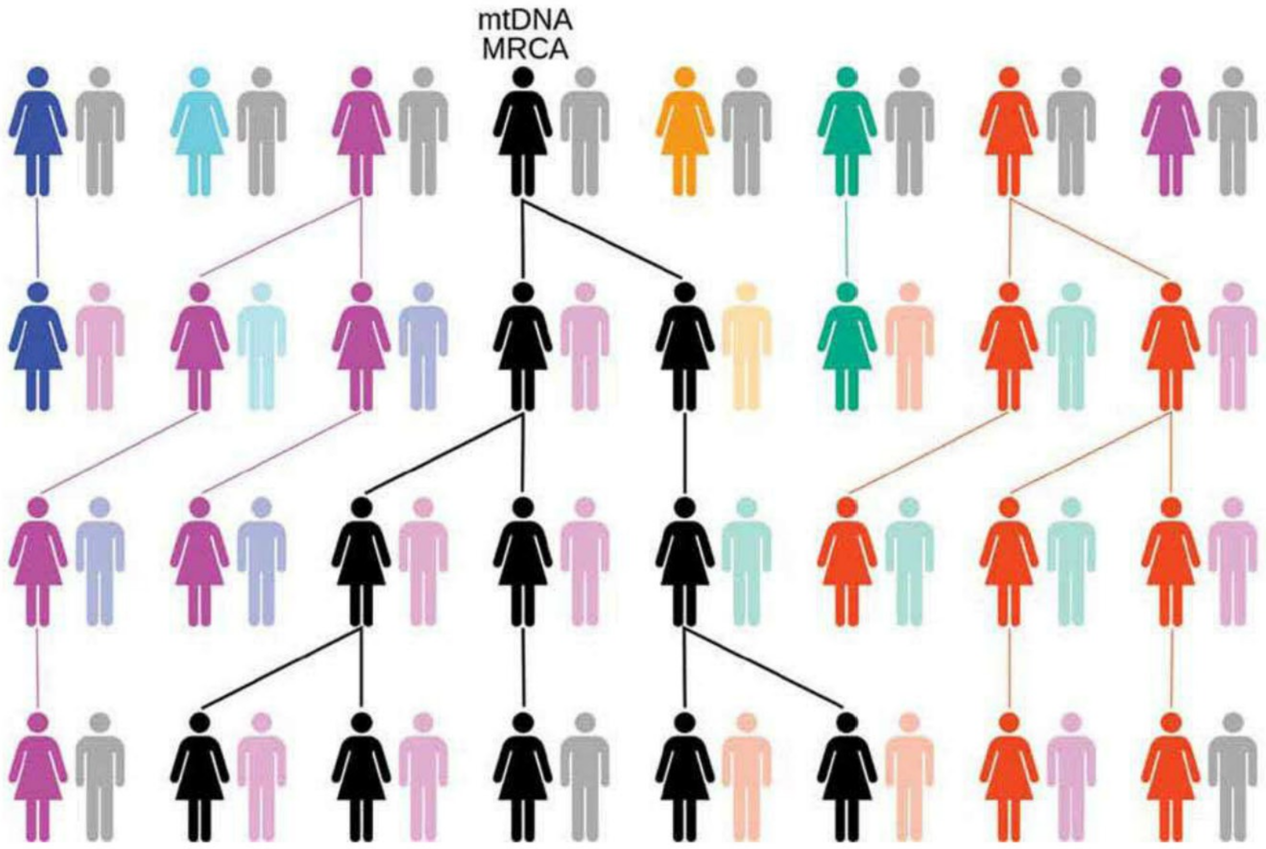
NEVILLE THOMPSON
Canada and the End of the
IMPERIAL DREAM
The Complete Journals of
L.M. Montgomery
The PEI Years, 1901-1911
Also Available
Mary Henley Rubio
Elizabeth Hillman Waterston

New from Oxford

9780199003938 | $29.95

9780199002115 | $39.95

OXFORD
UNIVERSITY PRESS



C. ROTTENSTEINER

Can you relate?

From kings to cavemen, new DNA discoveries suggest we're all part of one big genealogical family.

What proportion of your genetic makeup is Neanderthal in origin? Are you descended from royalty? How recently do you share common ancestry with a Mongolian herder? These are just a few of the questions the new generation of mathematical geneticists, archaeogeneticists, and paleoanthropologists can now answer.

In last issue's Roots column, we saw how advances in the incidence and technology of DNA testing have resolved formerly hopeless family history problems. Without getting into genetic theory, we covered the three main types of analysis:

- paternal-line testing, involving comparison of Y-chromosome DNA transmitted only from father to son;
- maternal-line testing of mitochondrial DNA, which each of us inherits only from our mothers; and
- statistical kinship prediction, properly known as "autosomal testing," requiring analysis of hundreds of thousands of DNA markers across the twenty-two non-sex chromosomes each of us carries (i.e., not including the X and Y chromosomes that determine sex).

Most family historians focus on ancestors who lived within the past couple of hundred years. In unique cases where the documentary record is good, such as the recent confirmation of the discovery in England of Richard III's skeleton, we may be able to apply DNA findings several hundred years earlier. Yet the same tests, when used in conjunction with the archaeological record and mathematical analysis, can yield information across vastly greater time scales, insights into our so-called "deep ancestry" or ancient genetic origins.

Perhaps the best-known work in this field is *The Seven Daughters of Eve*, published in 2001 by British geneticist Bryan Sykes. He elaborated on mitochondrial DNA discoveries, since fine-tuned, that suggest those of European descent can trace their matrilineal origins to one of seven genetically distinct women. Scholars further argue that all of humanity ultimately descends from a single matrilineal "Eve."

Useful as such terminology is in selling books and publicizing the field, it almost inevitably misleads the layperson. In fact, one respected blogger goes so far as to label it a "de facto deception." At the very least it abets self-deception as we mistakenly extend the intended scope of the Biblical analogy and jump to the erroneous conclusion that Mitochondrial Eve is the only female ancestor common to all mankind. In fact, researchers believe we share many female ancestors through myriad genetic pathways, quite apart from strict descent on the maternal line.

Consider your own forebears. You have four great-grandmothers, but you are descended from only one of them on the maternal line. Go back another four generations, maybe 200 to 250 years ago, a blip in genetic time, and your maternal line represents only one sixty-fourth of your female genetic heritage. Odds are high that we all descend from many women alive at the time of Mitochondrial Eve.

A similar, and similarly misleading, analogy can be made with "Y-chromosomal Adam," though, disappointingly for the romantics among us, he never met Mitochondrial Eve. He is thought to have walked the earth no more than 140,000 years ago, possibly more recently; she existed at least 50,000 years earlier.

A focus on these unique lines of descent misleads us in a subtler way by shifting our perception of the era in which we can claim shared ancestry. Mathematical geneticists calculate that our most recent common ancestor (MRCA) lived within the past several thousand years! Yes, you're reading that correctly. It is estimated that 99.99999 per cent of contemporary humans, including you, me, and the Mongolian herder, descend from a single individual who lived within the past five to seven thousand years, possibly even in the Common Era (or AD, as some of us still think of it). The only exceptions: possibly a few hundred individuals in isolated societies with zero contact with the outside world throughout this entire period.

Our MRCA lived side by side with people whose genetic line subsequently petered out and others who have many descendants living today, so we shouldn't think of the MRCA as a solitary individual or as an unusually prolific genetic provider. We all have many ancestors who were the MRCA's contemporaries, and there is no guarantee than any one of us still carries any of the MRCA's genetic material after all this time. Each of us descends from the MRCA through different lines and possibly via different sexual partners. As people die and are born, the MRCA may in fact change. In short, it is the concept of the MRCA that is striking rather than anything inherently special about the individual.

If we push back a little further in time, we reach a moment when every human then living was the ancestor either of no one or of everyone alive today. This identical ancestors point (IAP) is estimated to have occurred five to fifteen thousand years ago.

Why the surprisingly recent estimates for the MRCA and IAP? The answer lies in the phenomenon of pedigree collapse. In our classic understanding of a pedigree, an individual has two parents, four grandparents, and so on, with every successive generation twice as large. Common sense tells us that this exponential growth can't go on indefinitely. Pedigree collapse is the mathematical explanation for the commonsense reality that you can't have more ancestors than there were people at the time. Inevitably, and frequently in any pedigree, cousins of some degree marry one another and whenever they do, the overlapping segments of their ancestries are duplicated in their progeny's pedigrees. For much of human history, marriages between second or third cousins were the norm. The upshot is that you don't have to go too far back within any population to find that everyone who had descendants is an ancestor, often many times over.

Pedigree collapse explains why we can all claim, with absolute confidence, to be descended from royalty. Everyone of European descent, it is calculated, can count Charlemagne as an ancestor — and quite a few other monarchs before and since.

It's not just mathematical geneticists who are driving the revolution in learning about deep ancestry. Paleoanthropologists and archaeogeneticists are proving increasingly adept at extracting DNA from ancient human remains and comparing it with modern reference samples.

As an example, it now seems likely that Eurasians derive between one and four per cent of their DNA from Neanderthals. DNA evidence also suggests genetic admixtures between other archaic humans and different populations around the world. At least two major DNA-testing organizations now routinely assess the Neanderthal contribution to the genetic samples they analyze.

Archaeologically retrieved DNA can also give us quite specific information about ancient population dynamics. As a case in point, it has long been debated whether the Otomi people, conquered by the Aztecs in the late fourteenth century, fled from or continued to live in the city state of Xaltocan. Mitochondrial DNA analysis compared human remains antedating and postdating the conquest and concluded that the populations were genetically different — the female populations, at any rate. We can expect scores of comparable findings around the globe in years to come as the history, and pre-history, books are rewritten.

Analysis of the DNA of contemporary indigenous peoples is similarly a burgeoning field, most notably the National Geographic Society's Genographic Project. You too can participate (US $199.95, plus shipping) and can expect to discover "the migration paths your ancient ancestors followed hundreds — even thousands — of years ago," as well as to learn "what percentage of your genome is affiliated with specific regions of the world" or with Neanderthal ancestry.

It's a slow week when there isn't at least one new research study that challenges our perception of which human populations moved where and when and interacted with whom. As I write, one recent study argues for a "gene flow" between India and Australia about 4,200 years ago.

Another posits that the Roma people left northwest India within the past 850 years and enjoyed a rapid expansion of their population once they reached Europe. All of this may be as nothing compared with what we can soon expect. The mapping of your complete genome, unavailable at any price a decade ago, now costs just six thousand dollars, less than some of us paid for our first plasma TVs. Another ten years and it could be $995 at Future Shop. You're worth it. You are, after all, royalty. I think I detect a tiara. No, sorry, it's a brow ridge.

Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, consultant, and avid genealogical researcher.

Connecting with Kenora

How the simple act of storytelling helped Dorothea Belanger learn to love her adopted city.

For many years I had no connection to where I live — Kenora, a small city in northwestern Ontario on the north shore of Lake of the Woods. My father's work moved us there in 1974. I recall the train we were on hurtling north through rugged bush and rock towards our destination. Feeling gloomy, I turned my fourteen-year-old back on the chaotic wilderness and put my hope in the town.

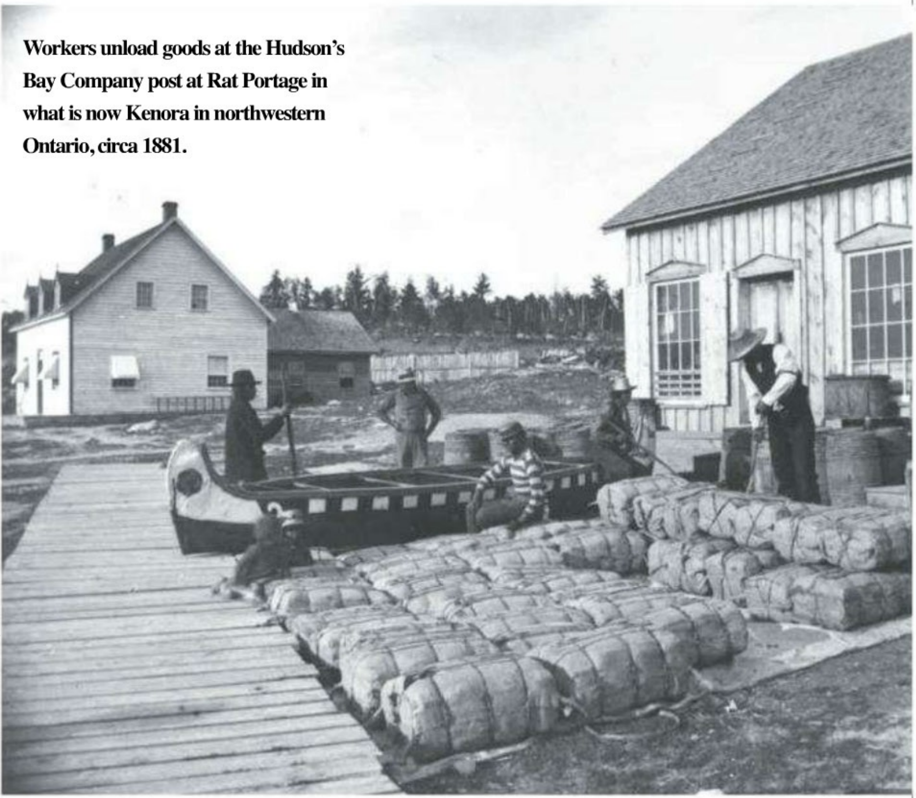
We got off the train at a CN signpost station, twenty-six kilometres from Kenora. "The middle of nowhere," I muttered to my sister as the taxi driver loaded our suitcases into the trunk. "Most beautiful place in the world," the driver said protectively, an attitude I'd soon learn to be mindful of.

There was a strange, acrid smell in the air as the taxi brought us to town. Next, the sooty, brick walls of the paper mill loomed before us in Dickensian proportions, its chimneys spewing grey smoke as though dramatizing my state of wretchedness. My sister and I wailed hysterically. In true teenage fashion, we cold-shouldered the town.

Many decades later, I am still here. Happily married to a Kenora boy, my life is firmly set on the shore of Lake of the Woods, and I feel rooted in the area's history.

A turning point that helped me connect with the past took place in 2004, when a group interested in building relationships among people living in the Kenora area met to explore possibilities. Perhaps understanding and respect could be forged between the diverse communities of our city if there was a sense of what had gone on in earlier times. A committee was formed to present a day of storytelling.

I signed up to research and present the story of German prisoners of war who had been interned on Lake of the Woods to cut wood from 1943 to 1946. As the daughter of German immigrants, I had always been interested in this.



Workers unload goods at the Hudson's Bay Company post at Rat Portage in what is now Kenora in northwestern Ontario, circa 1881.

JAY HAYNES/MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

It was an unseasonably warm April afternoon when I finished my research and went out for a walk on the ice. The white expanse of the frozen lake glittered in the sun. I had just read an interview where one POW described his initial arrival at Red Cliff Bay Camp on Lake of the Woods in April 1943. Though his walk through ankle-deep slush on the ice wasn't as pleasant as mine that day, I was struck by the fact that the scenery he saw would have looked much the same as what I was looking at.

This resonated deeply, and something cracked open inside of me. Seeing the lake through the eyes of young men who'd been captured in war-ravaged Europe after coming of age in fascist Germany transformed the landscape. Large pines on the island toward which I was headed no longer appeared indifferent but looked welcoming with their wind-bent limbs outstretched. I was dazzled by the sparkling, sun-drenched snow on the ice, which, astonishingly, radiated heat. A bald eagle soared high above. What a beautiful, peaceful place to wait out a war.

After cutting wood, the German POWs went hunting with the guards, smoked fish they caught, and had races with dugout canoes they constructed. There was the added bonus that barbed wire wasn't necessary — being in the middle of northwestern Ontario, there was nowhere to escape to.

The Common Ground: A Sharing Of Our Stories has continued as an annual event. War brides, immigrants, homesteaders, cottagers, and Aboriginals are among those who have told their unique narratives of struggle, resilience, victory, and discovery. Their stories are now imbedded in my consciousness, so that I am reminded of them as I go about my daily life in Kenora.

For instance, the earthy smell of decaying leaves in the fall brings to mind an Indian Affairs public health nurse's story. On Lake of the Woods in the 1950s, she was expected to find and transport people afflicted with tuberculosis to sanatoriums. One patient managed to escape. When she found him hiding in a bush camp a few years later, he gave her a jam can full of the Native herbal medicine that had cured him.

When I see people fishing from the docks by the Best Western hotel, I wonder if they'll snag the gramophone settled on the lake bottom, accidentally tipped from a canoe in 1913. The mishap occurred when a group of boys who had come to Kenora from England went on a camping trip to Corkscrew Island. Nintey-three years later, the son of one of the boys related how, during the return to Kenora, the young men claimed to have heard the song "Asleep in the Deep" playing from the lost gramophone.

Sometimes, when I'm stopped at the red light at the intersection of Matheson and Second, I look into the windows of the diner on the corner and wonder about the woman who owned it thirty years ago. In one of those red vinyl booths, she served toast and coffee to an angry young homeless Native man every morning. She asked him why he was wasting his life. She told him he could stop drinking and make something of himself.

Listening to the rich deposit of stories that have played out on this sparsely inhabited patch of the Canadian Shield has grounded me.

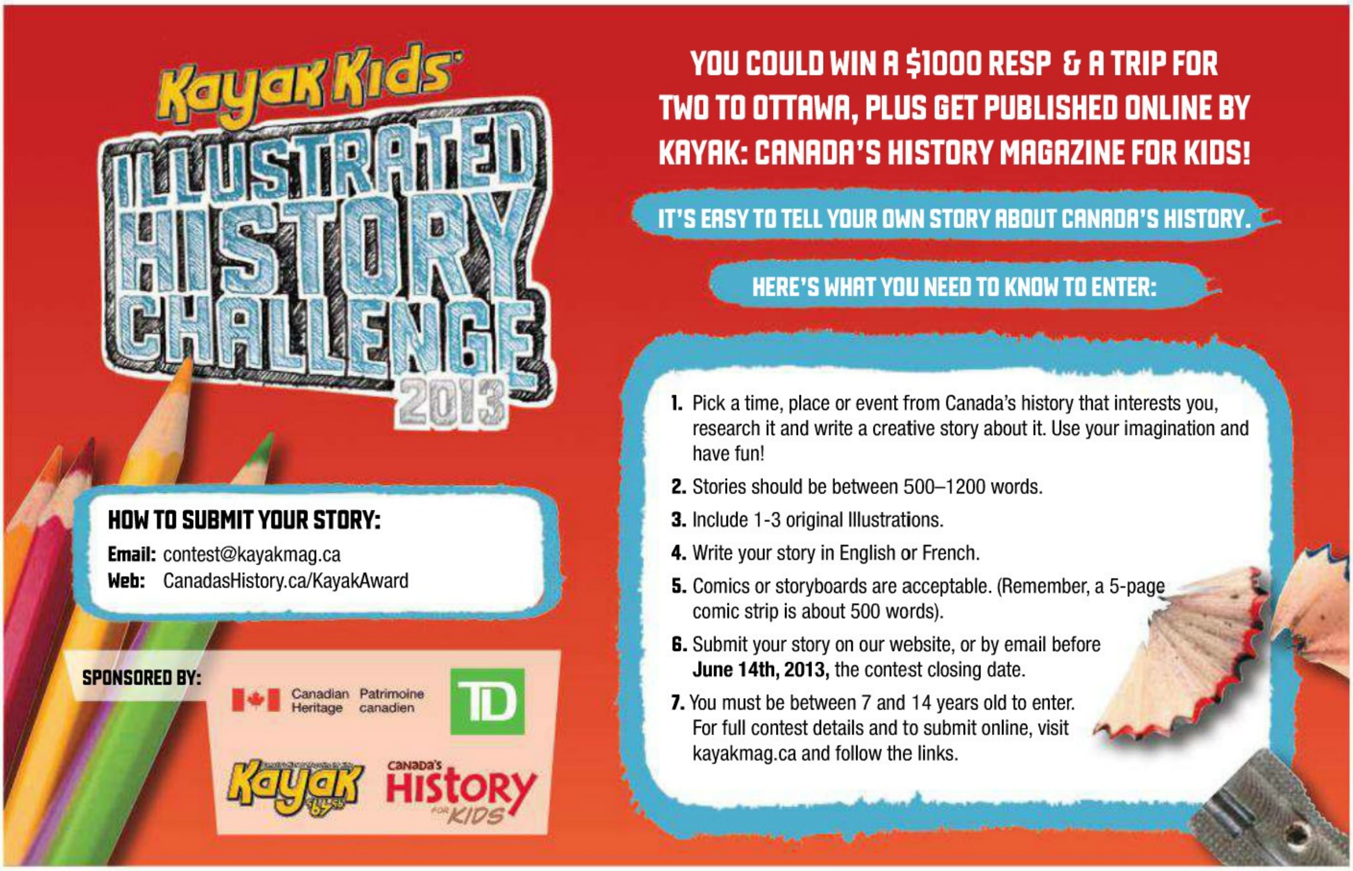
Does she know that her concern gave him hope, so that decades later, as a prominent, well-respected leader in our community, he was compelled to share her kind act with an audience of two hundred on storytelling day?

Driving past the flourishing vegetable gardens that fill many of the yards north of the railroad tracks, I think of the woman who spoke of making borscht using *shoya* (sorrel) grown from seeds brought from Ukraine by her baba.

And, feeling the weight of a good-size pickerel on my fishing line, I remember the story of the Kenora Fish Market, which had supplied fresh pickerel to elegant restaurants in Toronto, Montreal, Boston, Chicago, and New York for over forty years until it was taken over by the government-run Freshwater Fish Marketing Board in 1971.

Listening to the rich deposit of stories that have played out on this sparsely inhabited patch of the Canadian Shield has grounded me. For a long time, part of me still yearned for a more pastoral landscape, a place where one can throw a tablecloth on the ground for a picnic without having to get out a machete to clear the area. Through these stories I have been gifted with a line of time to graft onto, a path into the impenetrable bush.

Dorothea Belanger, an award-winning literary writer, is the storytelling liaison for the Common Ground: A Sharing of Our Stories event in Kenora, Ontario.



Kayak Kids Illustrated History Challenge 2013

YOU COULD WIN A $1000 RESP & A TRIP FOR TWO TO OTTAWA, PLUS GET PUBLISHED ONLINE BY KAYAK: CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE FOR KIDS!

IT'S EASY TO TELL YOUR OWN STORY ABOUT CANADA'S HISTORY.

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW TO ENTER:

1. Pick a time, place or event from Canada's history that interests you, research it and write a creative story about it. Use your imagination and have fun!
2. Stories should be between 500–1200 words.
3. Include 1-3 original Illustrations.
4. Write your story in English or French.
5. Comics or storyboards are acceptable. (Remember, a 5-page comic strip is about 500 words).
6. Submit your story on our website, or by email before **June 14th, 2013,** the contest closing date.
7. You must be between 7 and 14 years old to enter. For full contest details and to submit online, visit kayakmag.ca and follow the links.

HOW TO SUBMIT YOUR STORY:

Email: contest@kayakmag.ca
Web: CanadasHistory.ca/KayakAward

SPONSORED BY:

Canadian Heritage Patrimoine canadien

TD

Kayak

Canada's History for Kids

Professor Amanda Vickery

The Many Lovers of
Jane Austen

On the 200th anniversary of *Sense and Sensibility*, celebrated English historian Amanda Vickery explores Jane Austen's unexpected popularity. Receiving little recognition in her own lifetime, Austen is now widely acknowledged as one of the most influential writers in history. Professor Vickery considers why Austen's stories of love have captured the imaginations of Prime Ministers, filmmakers, and millions of readers around the world.

tvo

makes you think

Airs Monday April 1 at 10 pm on TVO

Where to find us: Cable channel 2 (may vary in some areas), Bell TV channel 209, TVO HD on Bell Fibe TV channel 1209, Rogers TVO HD channel 580, Shaw Direct channel 353

A sculpture at the Nk'Mip Desert Cultural Centre in Osoyoos, British Columbia.

NK'MIP DESERT CULTURAL CENTRE

Artful destination

An outstanding First Nations cultural centre in southern B.C. has a remarkable story to tell. by Lauren Kramer

Tucked into a desert hillside just outside the southern British Columbia town of Osoyoos is a place with many surprises — a First Nations-owned resort, winery, and cultural centre. Not only can visitors experience gourmet dining and fine locally made wine at Nk'Mip Resort, they can also take in the natural beauty of the surrounding desert and view an extraordinary art collection at the Nk'Mip (pronounced in-ka-meep) Desert Cultural Centre,

The story behind the centre's art — award-winning pieces created by Aboriginal students at the local school in the 1930s and 1940s — is remarkable. In 1931, Anthony Walsh arrived on the Nk'Mip Reserve to teach at Inkameep Day School. A far-sighted man who knew the value and power of children's art, Walsh worked with the students to create drawings, paintings, stories, and plays that honoured Okanagan culture.

Their artwork regularly won awards in the Children's Wartime Drawing competition held in London, England. The British royal family even purchased one piece, a drawing on buckskin. The art was also exhibited in Glasgow, Dublin, Paris, and Vienna.

When Walsh left the reserve in 1942 to join the war effort, a teacher who did not share his sentiments replaced him. In fact, the new teacher denounced the art as detrimental to "civilizing the children" and set about to destroy it. In 1943 he burned some of the children's work in the school's wood stove — an action that horrified Katie Lacey, a local amateur historian and one of Walsh's supporters.

Fortunately, not all of it was burned. Lacey, a non-Native who lived off of the reserve, was given what hadn't been incinerated and hid it in a box beneath her bed. For the next twenty-one years, that's where the artwork stayed — hidden, but not entirely forgotten.

The rescued art now forms part of the fascinating exhibits at the centre. Built in 2006 at a cost of nine million dollars, the Nk'Mip Cultural Centre is an archictectural marvel in its own right. Partly built from pine beetle-damaged wood, the centre is designed to blend into the surrounding landscape. It's located just metres away from the resort and rows of immaculate vineyards.

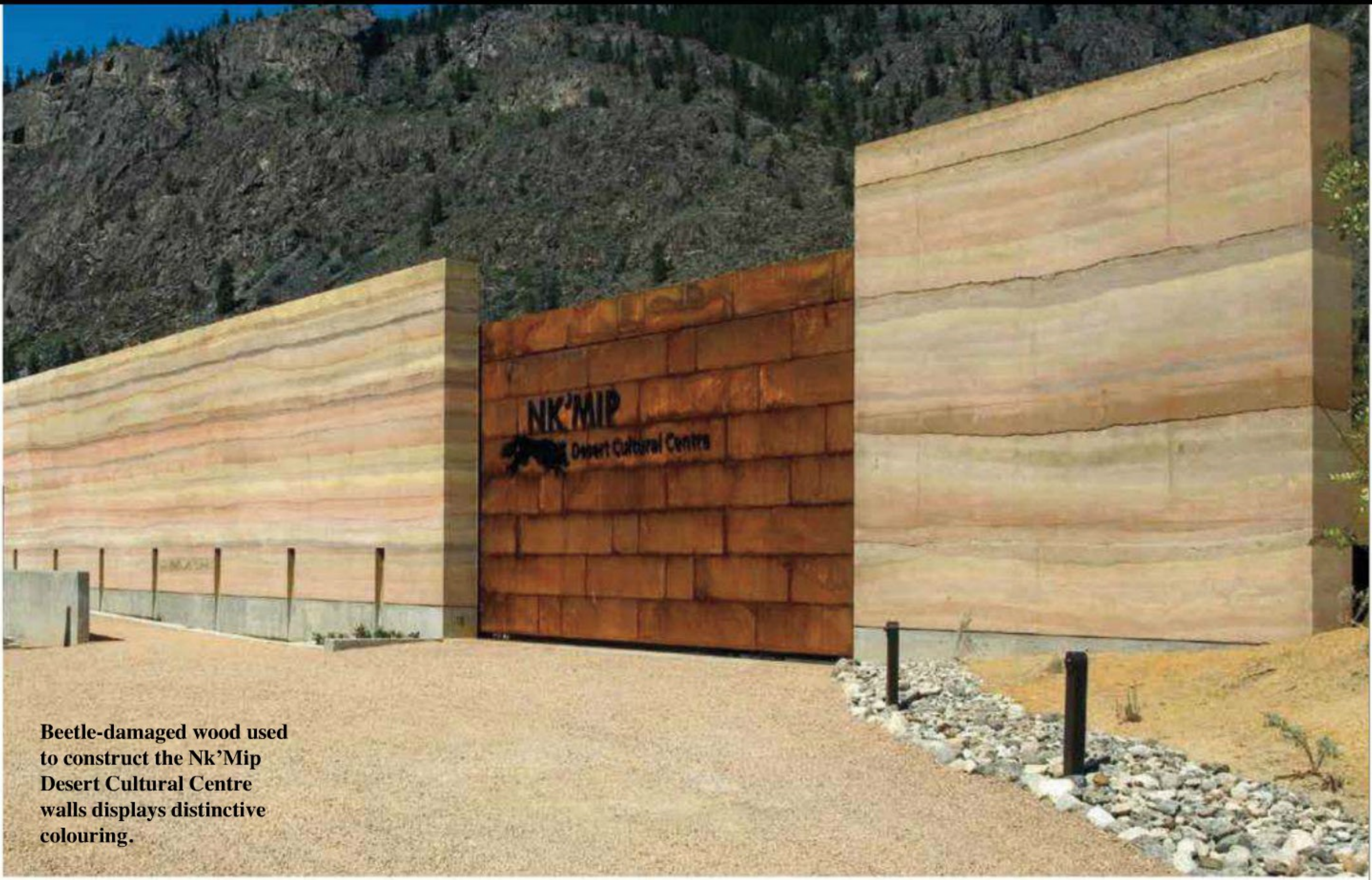
There is gourmet dining, lavish accommodation, and sumptuous wine at the resort and its restaurants, but, for food for thought you have to venture inside the concrete walls of the cultural centre. Once you do, you get a glimpse of the culture, heritage, and future of the Osoyoos Indian Band.

You also get a sense of the strength of band members' identity, something Walsh attributed largely to Chief George Baptiste. The chief established the Inkameep Day School back in 1915.

Walsh, who died in 1995, described Baptiste as a "man of wisdom and vision…. He had built up a type of life of value to his people just beginning to feel the impact of the encroachment of another culture. He was ahead of his time in that he wanted his children taught within their own background."

Visitors should not miss seeing *Coyote Spirit*, a hauntingly beautiful film that plays in the centre's Chaptik Legend Theatre.

The film follows the personal story of Lisa, a modern-day teenager who spends a summer on the reserve with her grandpar-



Beetle-damaged wood used to construct the Nk'Mip Desert Cultural Centre walls displays distinctive colouring.

NK'MIP DESERT CULTURAL CENTRE

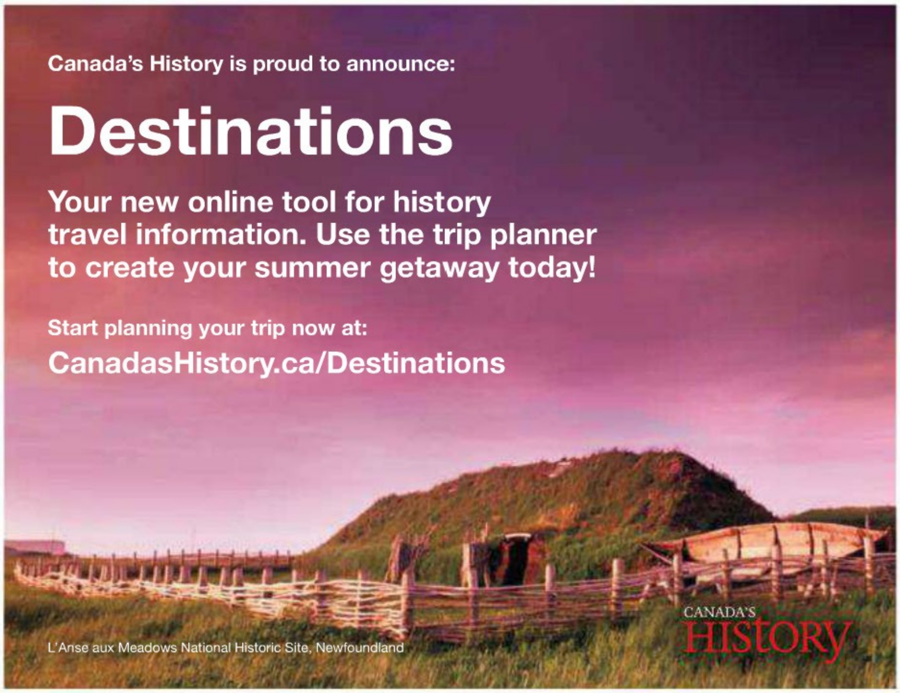
ents. She arrives scornful of family traditions and full of resentment at having to be there. But, as she learns from her elders what it means to be Okanagan, she is filled with wonder and respect.

Just beyond the doors of the cultural centre lies the desert, its arid slopes cloaked in antelope brush. Searingly hot in the summer, the desert's nooks and crannies are filled with animals that carry deep mythological and cultural importance to the band, including raccoons, coyotes, and bighorn sheep.

Venturing out on one of the hiking paths that snake into the Great Basin Desert, a visitor might spot these animals. One can also check inside the glass enclosures of the centre's Critter Corner, where kids can examine a skink, a tiger salamander, a black widow spider, or a toad. Also part of the centre is a reconstructed traditional Okanagan village. Up on a hill stands a chief's lookout — a small hut with a great view of the landscape.

For liquid refreshment, visitors can go to Nk'Mip Cellars, an Aboriginal-owned winery just a few steps away from the cultural centre. The winery produces ten varietals of wine, created from grapes harvested from vines that stretch down to the lake. A meal on the terrace in the company of a Pinot Noir, meritage, or icewine is a delightful way to end the day as evening falls in the desert.

Lauren Kramer is a Vancouver-based freelance writer and journalist.


Canada's History is proud to announce:

Destinations

Your new online tool for history travel information. Use the trip planner to create your summer getaway today!

Start planning your trip now at:
CanadasHistory.ca/Destinations

L'Anse aux Meadows National Historic Site, Newfoundland

CANADA'S HISTORY

CANADA'S
HISTORY
TRAVELS

EXPLORE! CANADA'S HISTORY: THE WORLD WARS

BELGIUM • FRANCE

WITH
AUTHOR & HISTORIAN

JACK GRANATSTEIN

Program Fee Includes:

Airfare:
Round-trip airfare

Transportation:
Comfortable motorcoach

Accommodations:
7 overnight stays in **4 star** hotels with private bathrooms

Meals:
European breakfast daily, dinners on days 2 and 8

Tour Director:
Full-time EF tour director

Sightseeing tours led by licensed local guides:
Vimy (Canada Parks Guide)
Beaumont-Hamel (Canada Parks Guide)

Sightseeing tours led by your tour director:
Dieppe

Entrance Fees to all entrances as indicated on the itinerary

Gratuities for tour director and bus driver

Tour Information

22 SPACES REMAINING

Departure Date: Saturday, September 14, 2013
Return Date: Sunday, September 22, 2013
Number of Days: 9
Gateway: Toronto

Itinerary

Day 1	Overnight flight to Brussels
Day 2	Brussels
Day 3	Brussels • Arras
Day 4	Vimy Region • Arras
Day 5	Vimy Region • Arras
Day 6	Vimy Region • Dieppe • Caen
Day 7	Caen • Normandy Beaches
Day 8	Caen • Paris
Day 9	Depart for Home

TOTAL	$4,639

All prices are subject to verification by an EF Tour Consultant.

Suzanne Caniglia | Suzanne.Caniglia@ef.com | 1-800-387-1460

To view EF's booking conditions, please visit **www.eftours.ca**

Tour Items not included: • All Inclusive Insurance Plan $149 • Optional single room supplement $360

*Program fee is valid for all who enrol through April 30, 2013.
Program fee is based on twin rooming (two twin beds). All other fees are subject to change.
Please note this itinerary is subject to change
** Departure fees are subject to change.

Educational Tours

SEAN KILPATRICK/CANADIAN PRESS

Past Imperfect

If we don't know our Aboriginal history, are we destined to repeat past mistakes? by Deborah Morrison

It must be obvious, even to those most critical of the current Idle No More movement, that we've reached a point where we need to revisit the relationship between Aboriginal peoples and the federal government. And yet, I'm guessing most Canadians are like me, feeling ill-equipped with any real historical understanding to guide such an important conversation.

First Nations persons have half the median income of non-Aboriginals and are three times less likely to graduate from high school. We've seen the atrocious conditions on some reserves; many have inadequate housing, and more than eighty-five per cent of people on reserves live under permanent drinking water advisories (according to the Canadian Centre for Policy Alternatives). Indeed, Aboriginal people are ten times more likely than the average Canadian to live without any running water at all.

And yet, billions of dollars are being invested in these communities each year — a point many Canadians find grating, given the apparent lack of return on investment. In a recent Ipsos Reid poll, a clear majority of respondents believed Aboriginal people receive too much support from taxpayers. The findings suggest public opinion is against more discussion about land claims or resource rights, particularly if the result is only greater transfers of lands or funding, or both.

This is the most recent example of centuries of misunderstanding about Aboriginal aspirations. I believe the leaders of Idle No More and of the Assembly of First Nations genuinely seek meaningful conversation as a first step in changing a status quo everyone finds unacceptable. But effective change to public policy requires us first to correctly identify the problem. It is here where I believe the glacial pace of change originates. Most Canadians simply don't understand the problem. Our lack of understanding of the historic relationship between First Nations and the federal government is so ingrained that we don't even think it is our problem.

Whether by design or by neglect, Canadian history curricula have for generations relegated First Nations to an anthropological wonder at the point of first contact. We do a fairly good job of teaching children about the different First Nations, but don't follow up with any real education about the Aboriginal experience thereafter.

I know that some provinces, notably British Columbia and Manitoba, have recently introduced some quality Aboriginal studies courses. But they are optional and are separate fields of study, not part of standard Canadian history courses.

Admittedly, *Canada's History* could do a better job in covering Aboriginal history. And, speaking personally, I feel embarrassed about how little I really know.

My history education included nothing about the historic treaties with First Nations. The Royal Proclamation of 1763, as far as my Grade 11 history exam went, was the document laying out the terms by which French and English would co-exist within Canada when Quebec was ceded to the British.

I don't remember ever discussing its significance in laying out the process for negotiating treaties with First Nations.

In my first-year university political science course, I was expected to know the division of provincial and federal jurisdictions outlined in Sections 91 and 92 of the British North America Act. But at no time was there an examination about the repercussions they would have with respect to the ability to manage Aboriginal claims over natural resources. And finally, while we explored women's electoral voting rights in depth, in hindsight I think it shameful that the systematic disenfranchisement of Aboriginals until 1961 was largely ignored.

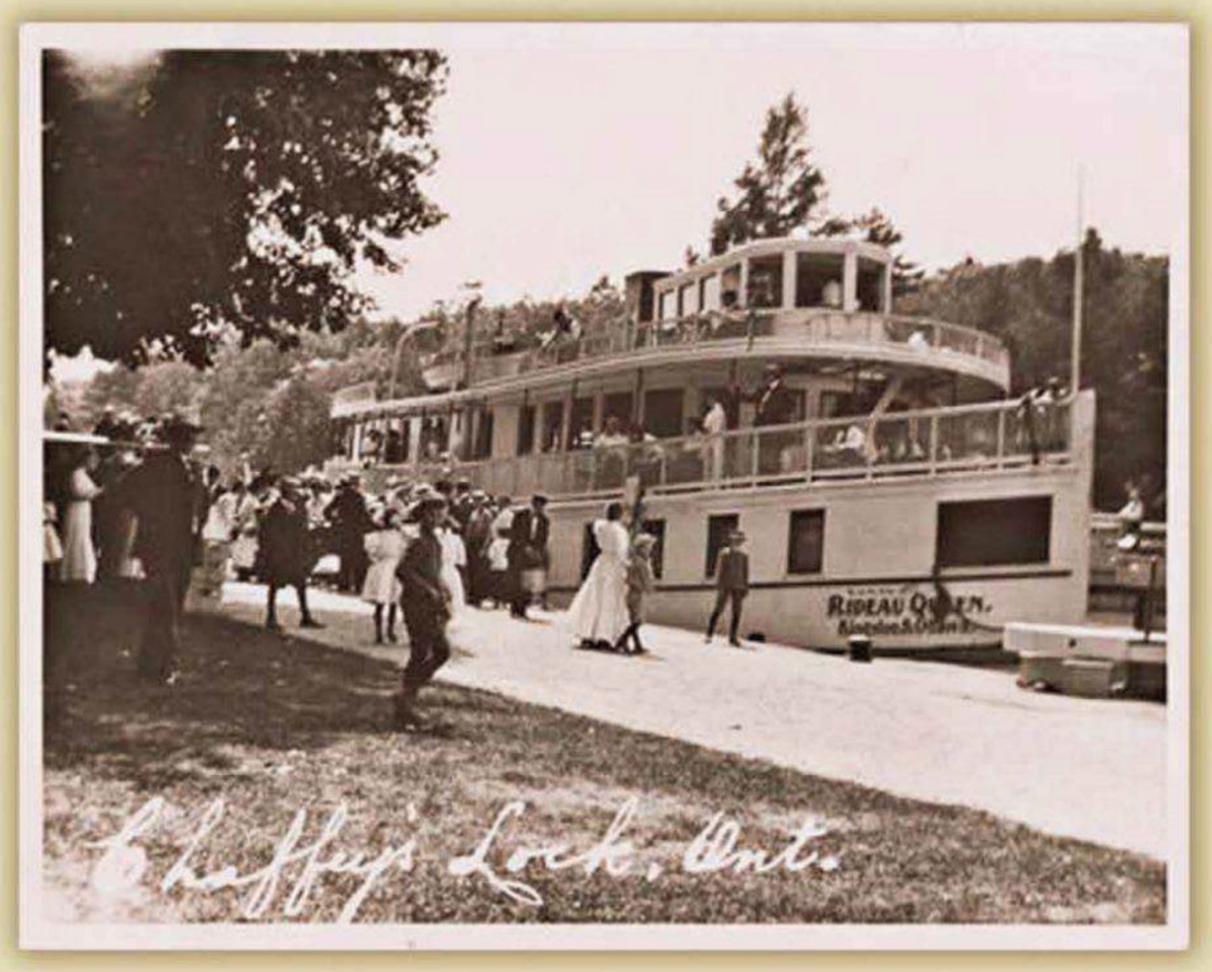
Canada is not a Machiavellian nation, or at least I choose not to believe so. For some Canadians, it might be difficult to accept that our forebears made tragic decisions regarding First Nations peoples — including the choice to virtually ignore their place in the story of Canada.

Acknowledging this perspective, though, makes it easier to understand why the system is so fundamentally broken and gives me some optimism that we can change course for the future.

It's going to be a rocky course correction. I know I will get a lot of flak for even suggesting we set out along this path. I'm willing to take it because the present situation requires us to be honest about the past. For most of us, it's a past we've never known. But we need to listen — and learn — because our future depends on it.

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History Society.

Fit for a Queen



Some people are born into royalty. Others manufacture it for themselves. The latter was the case the case for Daniel Noonan of Kingston, Ontario, who owned and operated the *Rideau Queen* at the beginning of the twentieth century under the company name Rideau Lakes Navigation Company, Ltd.

The *Queen* was an ideal vessel for transporting up to three hundred eager cottagers to the village of Chaffey's Locks. Along with its sister steamship, the *Rideau King*, the *Queen* travelled the Rideau Canal from Kingston to Ottawa and back again. This picture, taken around 1910, shows the *Queen* boarding passengers at Chaffey's Locks, where Noonan had a summer home.

Built in 1900, the steamers were constructed with a draught of just over two metres to navigate the shallow Rideau Canal system.

The *Queen* took passengers on day trips through Big Rideau Lake, making stops at sites such as Fancy Free Cottage — the oldest standing cottage on the lake.

The *Rideau Queen* changed owners over the years, though there are no records of it after 1928. How she was disposed of remains a mystery.

Reverend Daniel Noonan is the grandson of Daniel Noonan. Reverend Noonan lives in Sidney, British Columbia. Text by Laina Hughes.

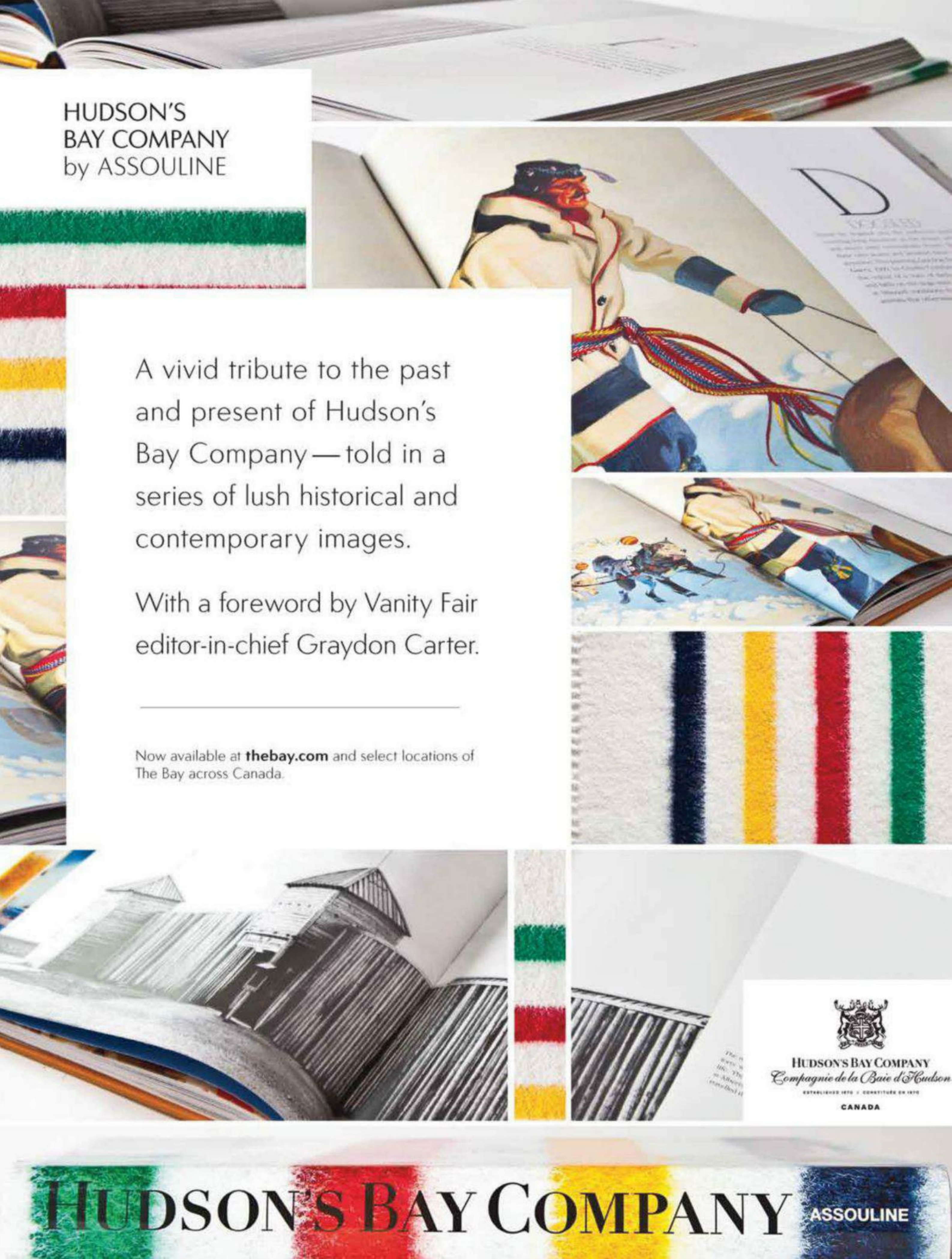
Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o *Canada's History*, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

HUDSON'S
BAY COMPANY
by ASSOULINE

A vivid tribute to the past and present of Hudson's Bay Company — told in a series of lush historical and contemporary images.

With a foreword by Vanity Fair editor-in-chief Graydon Carter.

Now available at **thebay.com** and select locations of The Bay across Canada.


HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
Compagnie de la Baie d'Hudson
ESTABLISHED 1670 | CONSTITUÉE EN 1670
CANADA
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
ASSOULINE

WHERE ENERGY MEETS COMMITMENT
GLOBAL100

We're conserving Canada's natural habitat, one acre at a time.

At Enbridge, we're committed to stabilizing our impact on the environment. So, as part of our Neutral Footprint program, we've pledged to conserve an acre of natural habitat for every acre we permanently impact. In Canada, we're meeting this commitment by supporting the Nature Conservancy of Canada, enabling it to protect and preserve more than 7,400 acres of land of high ecological value.

Enbridge delivers more than the energy you count on. We deliver on our promise to make communities better places to live. It's part of the reason we were named one of the Global 100 Most Sustainable Corporations in the World.

FIND OUT MORE

Enbridge.com/NeutralFootprint

ENBRIDGE
Where energy meets people™